Week ending November 13 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

'Castle Minerva' the gripping new novel by **VICTOR CANNING**

SHOOT FIRST! Ronnie Noble's adventures with a newsreel camera

"... take a tip from your old friend, Gordon Richards. I'm right behind this grand NEW SAVERS Campaign!"

MAKE IT A CERT!

FUTURE PROSPERITY *by* Saving Now *out of* All-You-Can! That's your best bet for the Saving Stakes. So get going, while the going's good. You can find out how to become a New Saver from your Bank, Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank, where full information will gladly be given to you.

You'll probably find in your factory, street, school or club, a Savings Group you can join. Whether you decide to join this Group, or start saving on your own, the Voluntary Worker who runs the Group will gladly give you helpful advice about the different methods of saving—Defence Bonds, National Savings Certificates, the Post Office or a Trustee Savings Bank.

STEP UP SAVERS

Issued by the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.7

Caley au lait
Caley au lait-itee

Yodel it from the mountain tops—here's Dari-Rich, the Caley *all milk* assortment. Covered with thick, full-cream milk chocolate are eleven kinds of enchantment—Turkish Delight, Cracknel, Coffee Cream, Raspberry Cream, nutty centres, toffee centres, all the centres you love. So yo-ho-hodel for Caley Dari-Rich!

CALEY
make wonderful chocolates

DR 6

A. J. CALEY LTD, NORWICH

EDITORIAL

Mr. Hardy decides

ONE night this year, Mr. Edward Arthur Hardy, M.P. for Salford East, collapsed in the House of Commons. Being seventy years of age, he has decided not to stand again at the next election.

"Late sittings," he says, "are a great strain on the health and energy of many M.P.s., especially the older ones. The breakdown in my health started during the terrible all-night sittings of 1949. They ruined the health of many M.P.s."

In the nine years of his service as an M.P., Mr. Hardy has attended nearly sixty late-night sittings. Many lasted until breakfast-time; four lasted until lunch-time on the second day.

HE points out that, besides nervous strain and lack of sleep, there is the fatigue of tramping through the division lobbies. He remembers one night in 1949 when he walked three miles in twenty-two divisions — no light matter for an exhausted elderly man in the dawn hours.

MR. HARDY
Three miles—at dawn

An M.P. who has been up most of the night may have to be on duty in a Commons committee room at 10.15 next morning. Somehow, too, before the House itself meets again at 2.30 p.m., he must cope with his correspondence—anything up to fifty letters every day.

Nobody *has* to be an M.P. That takes some of the sting out of complaints that £1,000 a year, plus £2 a working day allowance, is poor pay for so much work.

It compares with the £3,570 that Canadian M.P.s get, with Australians' £1,400 and £500 expenses, and with American Representatives' £5,300, allowances worth £4,735, and free travel and postage.

In Europe's Parliaments, French M.P.s get £1,900 and £220 housing allowance, Germans £1,450 and £900 expenses, Belgians £1,285 and £770 expenses.

THE approximate rate for the job works out at 17s. an hour in Britain, 22s. in France, and £8 10s. in America. But it is a good deal less in the smaller European countries, and our M.P.s do not really do so badly in comparison.

Instead of demanding more money, they might try to arrange more sensible working hours. If Parliament met in the mornings—as the French Assembly often does—members would not have to sit late at night.

Then the public would be less puzzled at what it now regards as a crazy way of running the nation's business —and older M.P.s like Mr. Hardy would have a fair chance to do their work and stay fit as well.

ON OTHER PAGES

Fiction

THE DIVE OF DEATH	*by Frederick E. Smith*	9
MISS CHERRY SAYS . . .	*by L. S. Howarth*	17
RIVER OF FLAME	*by Cameron Hawley*	20
CASTLE MINERVA (Part 3)	*by Victor Canning*	24

Non-Fiction

SHOOT FIRST (Part 2)	*by Ronnie Noble*	12
GILBERT TOMES MEASURES THE ATOM BOOM	*by Don Everitt*	18
THE ZOO MAN CHARMS HIS SNAKES—WITH CAUTION	*by Jim Miller*	22
MRS. McKAY MOTHERS THE SHOW PEOPLE	*by Joan Powe*	27

FREE SPEECH: 4, 6. THIS WEEK'S COVER: 6.
CONSIDER YOUR VERDICT: 35. WHO'S WHO?: 41.

Give a real Christmas Box of

PYRAMID

TRADE MARK

HANDKERCHIEFS

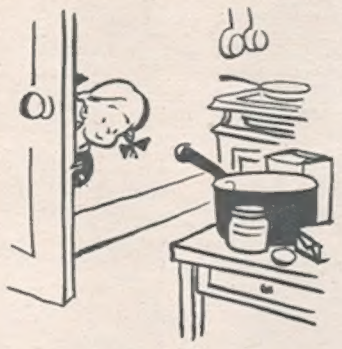
Everyone knows PYRAMID: everyone knows they are good. This year send them in handsome gift boxes. Three or six to a box. Men's from 7/11 to 19/6. Women's 5/9 to 12/6.

A TOOTAL GUARANTEED PRODUCT

See Registered Trade Mark Label on every handkerchief

PYRAMID

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 56 OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER, 1



"If only . . .

I could . . .

make . . .

a sweet . . .

as nice as . . .

JERSEY CARAMELS!"

Everyone loves—

There are MORE good things in Jersey Caramels —full-cream milk, extra sugar, energizing Glucose for go—and they're made by Batger's, famous for fine sweets for over 200 years!

They're **Batger's** *—sweets ahead of the rest!*

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
NOV. 13 1954 VOL. 96 NO. 2524 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

His partners make it pay

OWNING a small workshop struggling behind the times, I was unable to meet my staff's request for higher wages. Finally, to give them an idea of my problems, I made a proposition.

"I'll stop paying you wages and give you a share of the profits instead," I told them. They were enthusiastic about this, and we agreed that a large percentage of the profits should be theirs, provided that they shared the problems of running the business.

Results came fast. I began to notice worried faces about the place. Everyone worked harder for longer hours—and less money. I waited for them to plead with me to go back to the old system, where I took the responsibility—and paid wages.

Not at all. My new partners have worked out a plan for buying new equipment—a gamble that I would never have dared to take. When I pointed out that this would use up most of the year's profit, I was told: "We like it that way. At least we're working for something—and it'll pay off in the end."—J. F., Yorkshire.

Highway Code

A GREAT deal of money is spent annually on road safety precautions, without much noticeable effect.

Surely a revival of the old law authorizing confiscation of the object

causing the loss of a life would be a healthy deterrent—especially in view of the prices of cars today.—J. DOWNING, Lady Pit Lane, Leeds, 11.

This type of forfeiture was known as "deodand." The object was seized by the Crown or the lord of the manor. The abolition of deodands in 1846 was hastened by a train crash at Sonning in 1841, when the lord of the manor successfully seized a railway coach belonging to the G.W.R.

Call Sign

MOST people agree that it is best for a boy to finish his apprenticeship before starting his National Service —but why should his deferment depend on his employer's consent?

For two years, my son has been an apprentice. He registered for National Service recently, and his employer has refused to sign his deferment form.

It is not right that the boy's future should be decided arbitrarily in this way. In fact, he has found another employer willing to keep him until the end of his apprenticeship—but this should never have been necessary. —MRS. J. R. HOURSTON, Orkney.

The Ministry of Labour says that in a case of this kind their local office will always help the apprentice to obtain his deferment, provided it is justified. He must raise the matter before he gets his call-up papers.

Morning After

I PHOTOGRAPHED these wine maidens at a carnival parade held during the wine festival in the Rhine village of Hallgarten this summer.

The festival began on a Saturday and the streets were bedecked with flags; there was singing, dancing and much drinking of young wine at about eightpence per large glass.

The morning after the festival, I expected to find Hallgarten showing every sign of a hangover, but the place was spick and span, with

neatly dressed villagers going about their business. Clearly this was a village that could not only make wine—but take it, too.—H. S., Shepperton, Middx.

Sea-saurus

HAVING spent the past eight years in Victoria, B.C., I was interested in the story "The Night Of The Cadborosaurus" (JOHN BULL, October 16).

You may like to know that legend claims that there really is a monster in the sea off Victoria. A local newspaper named him "Cadborosaurus" after Cadboro Bay, where he was most often reported. The same paper offered two hundred dollars for a photograph of him—but I don't think the money has been claimed.—MRS. MARY LAWFORD, Whitstable, Kent.

Breadwinners

JUST inside the door of the church at Axbridge, Somerset, I found some loaves of bread on shelves.

Above was the information that 4s. a week had been bequeathed to buy bread for "certain needy and virtuous *second* poor of the parish." It was to be given to them after morning service on Sunday.

As this was a Saturday, it struck me that someone might have provided a cover for the loaves. I wondered who were the "second" poor.—MISS A. TOOZE, Taunton.

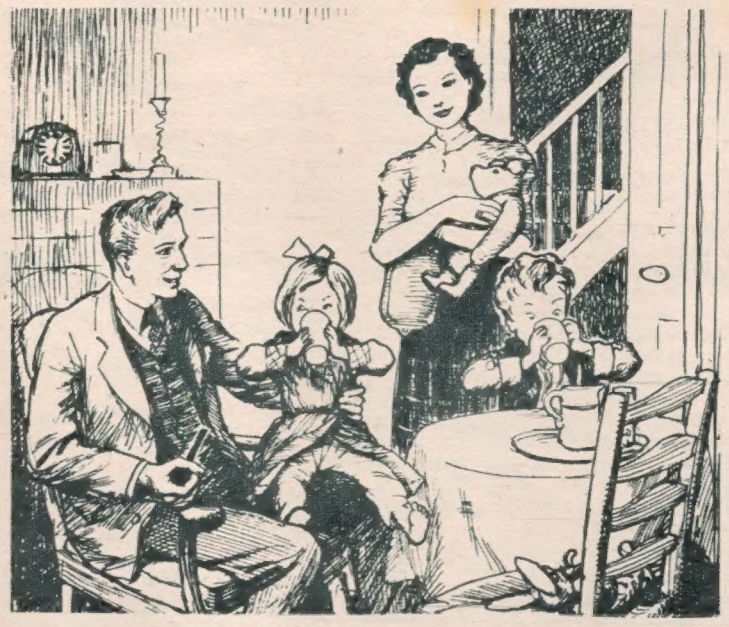
William Spearing, who left money for the poor of Axbridge in 1688, divided them into first, second and third classes—the last being the poorest. The second class consists of those who have known better days. Applications for the charity are considered by a local committee, under

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Coming soon in John Bull

A TRIP TO BERLIN

An exciting new novel by MOLLIE M. KAYE



How they love it...

After romping with Daddy till they — and he — are exhausted, Daddy wants a quiet pipe. The kiddies want a comforting drink, and that warming, soothing goodnight cup of Rowntree's is the answer. Yes, it's clever of Mum to know that Rowntree's is so easily digested, with a flavour all its own. Cleverer still always to make sure there's a tin of Rowntree's in the house!

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

Proud father, wonderful mother, clever daughter — happy the man she eventually marries. On the table it's quality that counts, and with jam for tea or for cooking it must be Chivers.

CHIVERS Jams

bring home the fruit

CHIVERS & SONS LTD. Histon, Cambridge & Montrose

IT'S DELIGHTFUL . . . IT'S DELECTABLE . . .

IT'S **DE-LUXE** *Priced to please . . . made to last*

Lingerie in the famous super-quality 'Celanese' DE LUXE tricot. This exquisite Lingerie is non-transparent, with a soft sleek skin-touch that makes you feel that it must be the most comfortable Lingerie in the whole world. 'Celanese' DE LUXE tricot will not ladder, it washes and dries in no time—and wears—and wears—and wears. SLIPS, KNICKERS, PANTIES—all at wonderfully reasonable prices.

Lingerie in 'Celanese'

DE LUXE tricot

THIS IS THE LABEL THAT SAYS *Buy me!*

A GARMENT MADE FROM 'Celanese' ACETATE TRICOT DE LUXE WASH AS SILK

royds

BUYING AN OVERCOAT ?

HAND WOVEN
Harris Tweed

THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD. REGISTERED TRADE MARK No 319214

APPLIED IN ACCORDANCE WITH REGULATIONS APPROVED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

HARRIS TWEED
FACSIMILE OF THE TRADE MARK APPEARS ON THE CLOTH
MADE FROM 100% PURE WOOL

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON THE GARMENT

... AND YOU'LL KNOW THIS MARK IS ON THE CLOTH

HARRIS TWEED

Character . . . quality . . . style . . . these are some of the many things which make Harris Tweed different from all other tweeds. But did you know it bears a Mark which is legally protected?
The Harris Tweed Trade Mark has been approved by the Board of Trade as a Certification Mark to guarantee that the tweed to which it is applied is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun, dyed, handwoven and finished in the Outer Hebrides. No other tweed is entitled to bear this Mark.

Remember —
THE **LAW** PROTECTS THE
DISTINGUISHING
MARK OF HARRIS TWEED

Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD

Pick a marvel for comfort

Smart Pick garments are so well finished, so carefully knitted from high quality two-fold yarns, so strongly sewn at the seams that they never lose their comfortable shape. Good outfitters and drapers stock Pick slipovers, pullovers, cardigans and swim wear for men; jerseys and pullovers for children of all ages — in plain and fancy styles.

PICK KNITWEAR

Pick the garment with this label

J. PICK & SONS LIMITED, LEICESTER ΦD

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

the terms of Spearing's will, which stated that the bread must be placed in the church at noon on Saturday. The vicar has now received a donation to buy a cloth to cover the loaves.

First John Bull

AS one of your older readers, I well remember the first issue of JOHN BULL in 1906. I can even recall the lines of Byron's epigram that it carried on the buff cover:

"The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull."

Yet a friend insists that he has seen a copy of JOHN BULL bearing a date at the beginning of the nineteenth century. — MRS. Y. MARSHALL, Gloucester Mans., Harrington Gdns., London, S.W.7.

A periodical entitled JOHN BULL *was started in 1820 by Theodore Hook. A burly, jovial man, Hook impressed the Prince Regent so much with his mimicry that he was appointed Accountant-General and Treasurer of Mauritius at £2,000 a year, though he knew nothing about accounting. Five years later, a serious deficiency in the treasury funds was discovered, and Hook was arrested and brought back to England. He then started his periodical, but was later arrested again for debt. The first issue of the present* JOHN BULL *came out on June 9, 1906. Its history is told in "Viscount Southwood," by R. J. Minney, published this week by Odhams Press at 25s.*

On The Rocks

BY the sea at Porthcurno, in Cornwall, my husband and I came across a small house solidly built into the

cliff, as you can see from the photograph. Like the house in the Bible, someone had undoubtedly "laid the foundations on a rock," and we wondered how it came to be there.—MRS. J. F. WINTLE, Fishponds, Bristol.

Known locally as the "Wendy House," it was built about twenty years ago as a bathing hut. There are three floors, including a cellar in a cave at the base. Fresh water comes from a spring inside, and smoke from the chimney emerges from a rabbit hole at the top of the cliff.

Mixed Methods

A FARMER in our district owns a field famous for its wild mushrooms. These were usually picked by the local residents, to the farmer's great annoyance; there was little that he could do, however, for the field is crossed by a public footpath.

This year we found notices up to say: "Mushrooms are *cultivated* in this field—keep off." Sorrowfully we kept off.

When I asked the farmer what methods he used for growing his mushrooms, he chuckled. "I scattered a handful of spawn about and put up the notices," he told me. "Wild mushrooms belong to anyone who picks them—but I am told that by this method, I make sure that they all belong to me."—JOHN HOPE, Bury St. Edmunds.

Shearing Off

I CAN go one better than the reader who had his hair cut by the blacksmith for ninepence ("Free Speech," October 16).

My hair is cut for nothing by a hairdresser who would fall down in a faint if I offered her a tip—she is my wife.

She first took up haircutting when we went to live on an Australian sheep station, where the nearest barber was two hundred miles away—and he used sheep clippers!

She has never lost her skill, but it is now confined to cutting my hair, or what is left of it.—W. TAIT, Dundee.

Mot Juste

HERE in France, the most formal party has a delightful quality because everyone puts himself out to converse. Original remarks and amusing ideas are expected—and listened to with attention. Conversation is an art which we French cultivate.

When I was in your country I was shocked to notice that people were afraid to make more than the most banal remark in company. Any novel idea was received with a faintly shocked "How interesting!"—and a dash back to yesterday's weather.

I think the fault lies with your men. They talk splendidly in couples and (I am told) among their own sex. Why is it that in mixed company they become dull and pompous?—YVONNE GEORGES, Paris 16ième.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"MAIDS want nothing but husbands," goes the old saying—and they get them. It's as simple as that. Now Mother remembers a similar memorable day in the not-so-distant past; and Father, wondering what on earth he can say, tries to look sternly benevolent. The young man need not worry; he'll be married all right. Customs may change—a thousand years ago a daughter's price was called the *wed*, hence *wedding*: paying the price. But, whatever it is called, Fate, Nature or the Life Force triumphs. The scene was painted by Walter Wyles, but not from personal experience. He's a bachelor who is wondering how long he can hold on to freedom.

If you want to get ahead...

GET A HAT!

Easy on gas, easy to clean

Easy *You strip the top (plate-rack too) in seconds, and put it back as quickly. Pot supports are interchangeable.*

Easier *All corners rounded for quick cleaning. Dirt can hide nowhere—certainly not in the oven, where the drop door lets in light from both sides.*

Easier still *Burner of the family-size oven's at the back but you don't have to grope! It lights by flash ignition from a point in the front.*

The Main 'Century' is designed to make life *easier* for you. With this smart cream-enamel cooker you'll congratulate yourself on less work, lower gas bills. And you'll win congratulation for your cooking.

THE MAIN No. 20

CENTURY

GAS COOKER

SEE IT AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS.

Note the name made by MAIN

If you cook on gas you must have THE MAIN COOKERY BOOK. Over 750 recipes. Useful hints on gas cooking. 300 pages. 5/- post free from **Dept. J.B. R. & A. Main Ltd, 48 Grosvenor Gardens, London S.W.1**

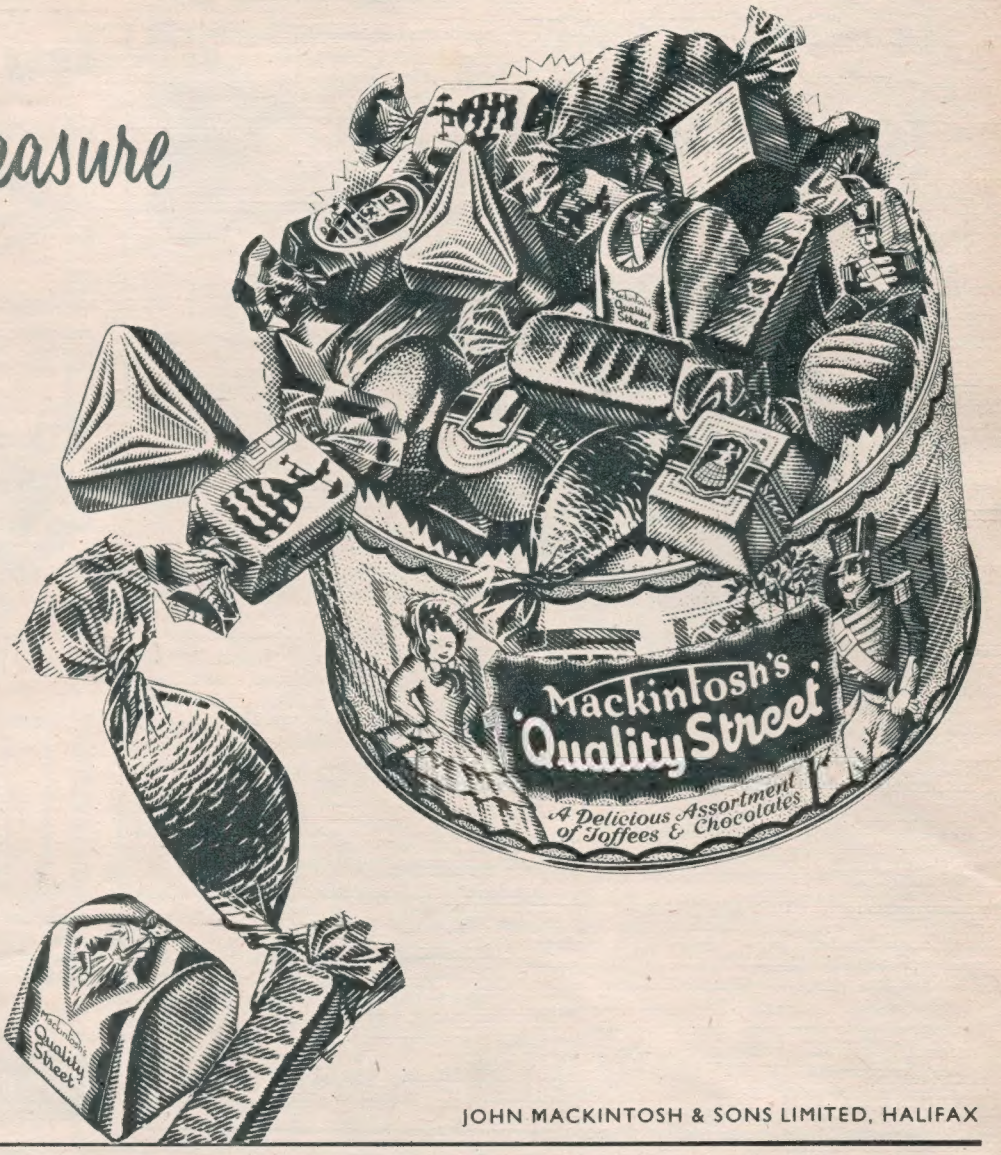
Keep on taking FACES & PLACES this winter

Don't put your camera away for the winter—you can go on taking exciting photographs on Ilford HP3—as these examples show.
With this famous high speed film, which fits all popular cameras, your winter FACES AND PLACES, *indoors and out*, will be just as successful as your summer snaps—and just as easy to take.

ILFORD HP3 FILM

ILFORD FILMS FOR FACES AND PLACES ALL THE YEAR ROUND

For the sheer pleasure of choosing...



. . . choose Quality Street with its eighteen gaily-wrapped varieties of delicious toffees and chocolates—amongst them Chocolate Noisette Paté, Chocolate Toffee Cup, Chocolate Orange Cream, Dessert Toffee, Chocolate Truffle.

Mackintosh's 'Quality Street'

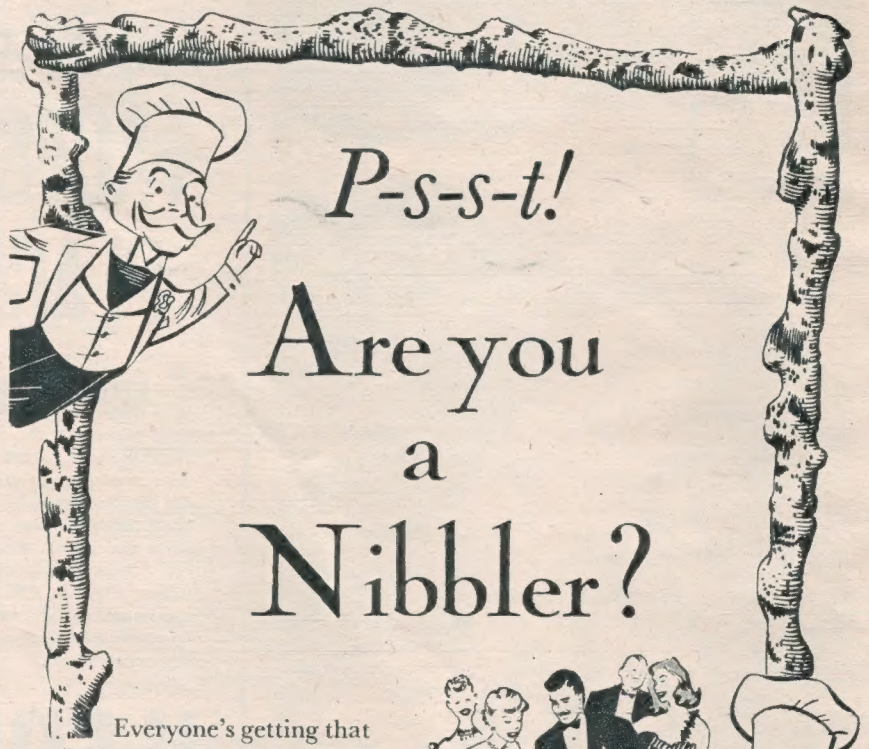
REG?

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LIMITED, HALIFAX

Christmas is coming! that's why mother buys ROBERTSON'S MINCEMEAT for super mince pies!

ROBERTSON'S MINCEMEAT

NEW REDUCED PRICE 1'5½d. 14½ OZ. JAR



P-s-s-t!

Are you a Nibbler?

Everyone's getting that nibbling habit now that Peek Frean *Twiglets* are here. And no wonder—these crisp, crunchy biscuits have such a thrilling savoury flavour! Buy a packet of *Twiglets* today; try them with soup or salad, coffee or cocktails—and you too will be a nibbler in no time!

Twiglets

Made by PEEK FREAN—*makers of famous biscuits*

Down, down he plunged — straight for the glistening rocks three hundred feet below. I saw now why they called it

THE DIVE OF DEATH

by FREDERICK E. SMITH

I SAW RAMÓN, AND MET JUANITA, on my first day on the Spanish island of Porto Bellera. We had docked before breakfast and the passengers were given eight hours ashore. I had become friendly with a fellow Englishman on the voyage and so, although I was disembarking there, I stayed with him until he sailed.

Naturally, he wished to see the sights. The most famous of these, or so we were told by the quayside touts, was the Zambullida de Muerte —the Dive of Death. It could be performed only in the few hours around high tide, but if the señors would accept the excellent transport facilities at their disposal, they would be in time to see it.

We took one of the rickety old taxis and were driven along the coast to a spot where the cliffs towered a full three hundred feet above the Atlantic.

At least a hundred of the ship's tourists were there when we arrived. They were lined along one side of a deep gorge that cut the cliffs in two. Standing on a rocky platform on the other precipitous side of this gorge was a young man in swimming trunks. He was in his early twenties, extremely handsome, and his deeply tanned body was well built and lithe. He looked completely relaxed and confident as he stood poised over the abyss, into which he was clearly preparing to dive.

We looked down the tremendous drop, then turned to one another in surprise. The gorge dropped all the way to sea level. Its floor, a mass of granite rocks, lay naked and shining, entirely uncovered by water.

"What the devil does he dive into?" my friend muttered.

I looked along the gorge, which was spanned by a flimsy rope bridge. It did not run straight back, having a steep bend that prevented one glimpsing the sea at its mouth. But the nearness of the Atlantic rollers could be heard and felt, their ponderous impact making the massive cliffs shudder.

There was a sound of deep thunder from below. Looking down, we saw a huge wave, lifted to twice its normal height by the narrow confines of the gorge, surge round the bend

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

and then hurl itself over the glistening rocks.

I looked up expectantly, but the bronzed figure opposite did not dive. The wave raced past, to vanish along the gorge on our right. Now the rocks below were hidden in a mad maelstrom of broken, raging water. Then, as if a giant's lips were sucking the gorge like a straw, the water reeled back into the sea, leaving the jagged rocks exposed again.

I turned to my friend and at that moment a woman screamed. I looked back and gaped in astonishment. The man had leaped into space, although the rocks below were still naked.

Down he went, as cleanly as a falling stone, heading straight for the glistening rocks. It was suicide. Then, just as it seemed nothing could save him, another wave thundered round the bend. We held our breath. Would it reach him in time?

There was a heart-stopping moment—and then the falling black speck plunged into the crest of the wave as it raced by.

But the danger was not yet over. The diver had to escape from the roaring torrent before it was sucked back into the sea. Through my binoculars I saw his head appear among the foam farther up the gorge. In a few seconds between ebb and flow he seized hold of a rope net that was lowered by men perched above the high-water mark on each side of the gorge. Clinging to this net, he was lifted from the water and, hand over fist, began working his way to our side of the chasm.

Spontaneous applause broke out among the spectators. A Spanish woman near us crossed herself thankfully. My friend wiped his forehead.

"Never seen anything like it," he muttered. "What puzzles me is how he knows when to jump. He can't see round the bend from that platform. How does he know a wave of the right size is coming? And how does he time his jump? An error of a second or so either way might be fatal."

I shook my head.

"Silver from the gentlemen. Silver for the brave Ramón, señors. . . ."

And that was when I met Juanita. She was astonishingly beautiful and as vivid as the Spanish shawl that was draped round her graceful body. Meeting our admiring eyes boldly, she held out a wide silk purse already half full of silver.

As we added our quota, my friend tried to satisfy his curiosity. "How does he know when to jump?" he asked.

Juanita shrugged prettily. "He has the second sight, señor. He knows the waves are coming before the fishes do." Her dark eyes danced as she turned away, her slim body weaving sinuously among the crowd.

My friend grinned. "I suppose I asked for that."

"I rather think you did," I said, still watching the girl.

SOME nights later, I met Ramón. I had booked to stay at a hotel in Pamplona, a small village seven miles from Porto Bellera. It was a pleasant spot and not the least of its attractions was Dolores, the daughter of the hotel owner. In a slightly less vivid way, Dolores was as beautiful as Juanita. She had the more delicate features of the two, with a delightful dimple in each cheek.

We were having a drink in the lounge when I saw those dimples at their best—a ravishing smile aimed somewhere over my left shoulder. I swivelled round and saw Ramón coming towards us. Juanita was clinging to his arm. He was very smartly dressed in a Palm Beach suit, canvas shoes and silk shirt. As Dolores introduced us, I took his bronzed hand.

"You have heard of me, señor?" he asked.

"I have seen you," I said solemnly. "It is a wonderful feat."

Clearly pleased with the compliment, Ramón

Dolores screamed and pointed to the cliff edge. "Oh, Mother of God! Hurry, señor, hurry!"

turned to Juanita. "This is Señorita Torres." The girl gave me a brilliant smile.

"Will you join us?" I asked.

Dolores's reception of Juanita was markedly cool; her smile that of a woman who had expected her rival to appear but intended making her no more welcome for that.

AND rivals I soon found they were. Never have I seen two girls so hopelessly infatuated by one man and so jealous of one another. It was an experience for me to sit there over the wine and watch them. They reminded me of two purring jungle cats with their steel claws hidden in pads of soft velvet. They each had two smiles, one for Ramón and one for each other. At one moment both girls were demure, provocative, wholly alluring. At the next they were as venomous as two angry wasps. And this constant transformation was accomplished by the merest flicker of a pair of lovely eyes, the slightest inflexion of a fascinating voice.

Ramón was in no way embarrassed by the situation. Instead, he accepted it as his due and played his part with careless ease. He seemed unaware of the peril of playing parlour games with two jungle cats. When he finally left me with one of them clinging on each arm, instead of envying him I found myself conscious of a vague sympathy. A sentiment that seemed ridiculous until the next morning, when Pedro told me of his relationship with the girls.

Pedro was boot-black, waiter, housemaid and general factotum in the hotel. He was a wizened little man of indeterminate age with a turned-up nose and a brown face that was always grinning.

"That diver, Ramón, seems very popular with the girls," I remarked when he brought my mail.

He grinned, showing tobacco-stained teeth. "That diver, Ramón, is a fool, señor. To play with girls is one thing. To play with girls and have them in one's act is another."

"Does Dolores help him, too?" I asked.

"Of course. Where there is one there is the other. Juanita usually collects the money, Dolores signals to him when he must jump. But sometimes they change places. You see now why he is a fool, señor."

I did.

In the weeks that followed I saw a good deal of Ramón. As passenger ships, many on holiday cruises, arrived weekly in Porto Bellera, he had at least one dive a week to perform and often more. On one of these days he invited me to the gorge to show me the secret of his dive.

After his astonishing feat, he led me along the side of the gorge where the spectators gathered. Dolores, attractive in a cool yellow frock, came along with us. Juanita, no doubt to her intense chagrin, had not been able to help that day because of a severe cold.

Ramón led me to a point on the cliff from which the blue Atlantic was visible. He pointed to a rock perhaps fifty yards out to sea.

"Dolores stands here in a yellow frock, where I can just see her," he explained. "Her hand is lifted to her hair. She keeps her eyes on that rock. I am ready. I watch her closely, ready to dive. When a wave large enough to cover that rock rolls in, she knows it will be deep enough for me. She waits until it reaches that line of rocks at the mouth of the gorge and then she drops her arm. Immediately I dive. I know the crest of the wave will reach me at the end of my fall."

"What margin of error have you?" I asked.

He shrugged. "Oh, perhaps a second either way. . . . Because of the narrowness of the gorge, the waves come more swiftly. But Dolores is very careful." He pinched the girl's smooth arm and winked. "She values her Ramón—do you not, my beautiful one?"

As long as Ramón was so careless with his affections and handed them out with such impartiality, the situation—loaded with T.N.T. as it was—might have remained as relatively safe as an unused bomb. But seven weeks after my arrival, with the magnificent aplomb and rashness that characterized him, Ramón suddenly rammed in exploder, detonator and firing-pin.

He announced his engagement to Dolores.

THE news rocked Pamplona. Apart from the two girls, he had also flirted with every pretty girl in the district; and this sudden choice surprised everyone—including Dolores.

The engagement was to be short. They were to be married in five weeks.

The first relevant happening was Juanita's disappearance.

"She leaves the message she has gone on holiday," Pedro told me with a grin. "I think

it is as well for Ramón that she has gone or he might never have lived to see that church."

We all expected Juanita to stay away for the wedding. But no. She astonished the whole of Pamplona by arriving back three days before it. And apparently she was charming to both Ramón and Dolores. She came round to the hotel to pay a courtesy visit. I was out that evening, but Pedro waited on them and told me about it later.

"And yet, if I were Ramón, I would walk like a cat on hot coals," he finished. "But he is a fool. Because he is Ramón Salinas he believes no woman will do him a mischief. Bah, I have no sympathy with fools. . . ."

A ship was due in Porto Bellera the day before Ramón's wedding. It was on a holiday cruise with over eight hundred passengers, and Porto Bellera made ready for good business. Ramón was to dive as usual, wedding or no wedding. The pickings should be good and he meant to be among them. As usual, Dolores was to give him his signal. And, because Juanita was back and Ramón was Ramón, he asked her to assist with the collection. . . .

Although I had seen the Dive of Death half a dozen times, and knew the secret, I still found it a thrilling spectacle. I had nothing better to do that day, in any case, so I decided I might as well see Ramón's last dive as a bachelor. His act was scheduled for four o'clock.

The gorge lay to the seaward side of the road between Porto Bellera and Pamplona, three switch-backing, bottom-gear miles from the village. I had reckoned that half an hour would be ample time for the journey, even in the ancient car that I now owned. Unfortunately, I had not considered the asthmatic vagaries of the engine, with the result that I wasted ten minutes in trying to get it started.

Bumping over the crest of the first hill I could see, away on my left, the white-capped Atlantic rollers glinting in the sunlight. The air was clear, the sky a cloudless blue. It was a wonderful day for Ramón's act.

I wondered whether, after he had married Dolores, Juanita would continue to take the collection. Knowing Ramón, I supposed he would like her to carry on. Yet Juanita might feel——

My thoughts broke off abruptly as I swung round an S-bend and nearly crashed into a stationary van in the middle of the narrow road. I braked hard, pulling up with my front bumpers between the nearside of the van and the boulders that lined the edge of the road.

I got out and went round to the front of the van. There was nobody there. Apparently it had been abandoned. And then, tardily, I recognized it. I had seen that battered, dusty, rusty wreck often enough before—in the yard at the Hotel Pamplona. It belonged to Dolores's father, Carlos Justides.

I let off the van's handbrake and with a great deal of grunting and straining managed to get it into the side of the road. It was nearly five minutes to four when I drove on again, and although I was less than two miles from the gorge I doubted if I would be there in time.

A mile farther on I topped another hill and slammed on my brakes for the second time. Twenty yards ahead, staggering like a runner towards the end of a marathon, I saw Dolores. She was dressed in the distinctive yellow frock she wore for the act.

She turned at the sound of the car and stumbled forward, her breath coming in racking gasps. I opened the door for her and she tumbled in, gesturing frantically towards the gorge.

"Oh, Mother of God! Ramón . . . señor . . . hurry. Ramón. . . ."

Still only vaguely comprehending what she

Continued on page 42

I sat there, watching them. Ramón was calm, but never had I seen two girls so furiously jealous of each other

My hilarious patrol across the Sahara

A patrol with the Free French had zest enough. But the fun really began when a storm blew up and left me stranded with a delirious driver and a half-demented native woman

I WAS SENT TO EGYPT in 1941 and I liked it from the start. No matter where I looked I saw newsreel stories just for the filming—the Muske, the Dead City, the mosques, the Sphinx and the "gully gully" boy of ten who pulled live chicks from his mouth one after the other, or slipped a green snake in the pockets of soldiers who had drunk too much. But I was in the Middle East to cover war, not the sidelights on life in Egypt. My assignment on leaving Britain had been clear—the Western Desert.

The best place for picking up news in the Middle East was at the bar of Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo. There, one day, I got talking to a Free French officer. He was a real Frenchman. He did not talk war, he talked wine, women and food—in that order. "Ze best wine in ze world outside of France is in Fort Lahmy," he confided. "You can get there by Free French plane at no cost to yourself. Ze wine is good, ze women are women, zank goodness, and ze food is also Free French food."

"Will I find newsreel stories there?" I asked.

"Where zere is wine, women and food, zere will always be ze newsreel story!" he replied.

The campaign in the Western Desert was quiet at the time so I decided to take his advice, and that night I cabled the Universal News office in London to inform them that I intended to cover the activity of the French troops in Equatorial Africa. Fort Lahmy lies about 1,700 miles as the crow flies across the tough Sahara Desert, and there was one plane a week flying there from Cairo. It was a ramshackle Devoitine and when I watched the aircraft touch down on the Cairo airstrip, I was so discouraged that I almost cancelled the trip immediately.

The Free And Easy French

But then I met the crew. All Free Frenchmen, polite, kind and amusing. They seemed delighted to have a passenger, and before I could register protest I was sitting in a comfortable seat. There was a strong smell of petrol in the passenger section which was rather disconcerting, but I seemed to be the only one worrying about it I read a huge sign: "Defense de fumer," and this made me feel safer. Then a crew member came down to talk before taking off, offered me a cigar and lit one for himself with the biggest lighter I had ever seen. As he struck the flint a huge flame spurted out. I pointed to the no smoking notice, but he just shrugged his epauletted shoulders and went on smoking.

I drew on my own cigar and went forward to film the take-off from the pilot's cabin. The pilot was smoking, too. He was a nice man, and offered me the control stick to steer the plane. I told him that I'd never piloted a plane before. He shrugged his shoulders: "Makes no difference!" he grinned. But I felt his confidence in me was misplaced and preferred to film rather than pilot.

Later he said: "Wadi Halfa. *Nous descendons!*" and began to go through his landing procedure. He pressed a button, pulled on a switch and sat back waiting for something to happen. He suddenly peered through the Perspex, then back at the instrument panel, looking worried. Once again he peered out of the cabin and then back at the instrument panel.

"*Zut!*" he spat, and pulled at the switch apparatus a second time. He pressed the button and sent another panicky look through the Perspex. "*Zut!*" he muttered again, and hit the control panel with his fist.

He called the second pilot, who joined us in the cabin, and very soon he, too, was swearing and banging the panel with his fist. The rest of the crew, sensing a good scene, crowded into the pilot's cabin. They, too, joined in the shouting, and each one, hearing what was wrong, leaned forward and thumped on the glass with big clenched fists. One of them went so far as to kick an innocent lever which seemed quite insecurely fixed to the floor, and each kick he gave it made it wobble weakly, as though held in position by a single thread of cotton.

They began to argue. And as everybody knows, Frenchmen cannot argue unless their hands are free to express themselves. The next ten minutes we spent bumping over Wadi Halfa. The pilot, to emphasize his pungent remarks, would take both hands off the stick, wave them around, and just grasp it again as we were about to plunge to a sandy death.

"There was nothing in the world ahead but sand and sky," writes Noble. "Then, suddenly, for no apparent reason, our convoy turned sharp left and vanished. Below, in a canyon, was Faya oasis"

Went Into A Nose Dive

In the midst of the argument I looked out of the window to see if I could see whatever it was that was troubling the crew. And then I saw the undercarriage slowly descending into landing position. I tapped the captain on the shoulder and pointed. He grinned with delight, and put the plane into what seemed to be a nose dive. He was wasting no time; he wanted to land before the undercarriage changed its mind and went up again. As the wheels touched the ground, I wondered if they would buckle under us, but we were quite safe.

The plane was refuelled, and the next day we set off and landed safely at Fort Lahmy, where we went through a scene of touching farewells. There was about it that sentimental attitude between men who have shared danger together.

"Here's to our next trip together!" said one.

"You are welcome aboard any time," smiled the captain. Was I ungrateful to decide to make the return trip by Pan American Airways?

Fort Lahmy is not a real place. It's a mixture

Ronnie Noble (in topee) found that the French had desert campaigning down to an art. Dinner had five courses, with wine, liqueurs and a rum nightcap

of dreams and fantasy . . . Somerset Maugham and Lewis Carroll. Everyone you meet is a "character." You have the feeling that you have wandered on to a stage set by mistake, where all the cast are acting according to the book and only you are lost. After a few weeks you are beginning to know the script, and the director is creating a small part for you. That's the time to leave. To stay longer would be dangerous. Life would become so unhealthily pleasant it would be impossible to leave.

To Ward Off Crocodiles

On the face of it, Fort Lahmy is an attractive place, not beautiful except perhaps at night when the sun sets on the River Shari, and the cattle drovers ford the river, protecting their beasts from the crocodiles by thrashing the water with huge branches. It is fascinating for its contrasts and as an example of how the French live in the colonies.

A young French lieutenant met me at the aerodrome, and on the way to the hotel showed me around the town. Mud houses, painted grey, or turned that colour as the endless dust clung to the rough surfaces of the walls, where the Negroes live; Arab houses, high gates and walls to keep the intruder from prying into their secrets; dusty thorn trees lining the earth streets; and the town centre with the administrative buildings and the French houses, with the Tricolor clinging to the flagpole in the windless afternoon.

A young Negress stood at the side of the road making flour. Wielding a wooden spar, she pounded a handful of maize as it lay in the bowl of a hollowed-out tree trunk. She was stripped to the waist and her black skin shone as she perspired in the afternoon heat. After each thrust she raised her arms, like the necks of two black swans, to make another downward thrust with the spar.

I was smitten with her bodily beauty, and asked the lieutenant if we could stop and make some pictures. He agreed, and I took the camera to her. Luckily, she ignored it and I was able to make a short film sequence of her activities.

General Leclerc, who was renowned for his dislike of the press, reluctantly agreed to let me interview him. For five minutes only, said the aide-de-camp. Leclerc insisted on the interview being in French, which may have been responsible for the rather unfortunate affair of the anti-aircraft guns.

"What do you wish to do?" he asked shortly.

"Film all the activities of the French troops in Equatorial Africa, and film General Leclerc making a tour of inspection," I replied.

"You may photograph the army. I reserve the right to refuse m'sieu, even in this age of propaganda." He then went on to sell me the idea of filming his ack-ack guns. They had been recently manned by Senegalese troops, who had been going through a training course in the last few days. I asked him if he would allow them to fire a few rounds. He thought about this for a while. "Twenty rounds, that's all. We're short of ammunition."

The old man whom Noble met in the desert. He was roaming the Sahara wasteland on a camel—out hunting for rabbits with a bow and arrow

I filmed the Senegalese troops at practice and the general routine at the gun pits. Then, at a pre-arranged signal, a warning was sounded and the gun crews went through a mock attack. The guns fired quickly, and it seemed only a few seconds before our twenty shells were fired off. I heard our shots echoing in the distance and, as I panned the camera round, I saw a scene which completely ruined the story. The Senegalese troops, frightened by the gun-fire, were crouching down against the sandbags with hands clapped over their ears, their eyes standing out like organ stops. The coloured n.c.o. was beating them over the head with a small stick, but he couldn't move them. The more he beat them, the more determined they were to be frightened.

Gave The Wrong Order

The battery phone rang and I heard a high-pitched strident voice shrieking through the earpiece. The lieutenant in charge of the guns went paler and paler. All he said was an occasional "*Oui, mon General. Oui, mon General.*" He put the phone down and, very dazed, said: "Every gun in the area just fired twenty rounds. The general's going to demote me and shoot you!"

I sent my apology to the general, although it was not my fault. He had said twenty rounds, and I was hardly to blame if the battery commander gave fifteen guns the order to fire instead of one. Several years later in Indo-China, I reminded General Leclerc of the incident. "We've come a long way since then!" he said, almost nostalgically. Then he pulled himself together and refused to make a statement.

At that time the French were working on an

ambitious plan. It was to launch an attack on Tripoli on the Mediterranean coast from Fort Lahmy, which was to coincide with a drive west by our troops in Libya. It was no small task for General Leclerc and his men. To cross the Sahara Desert in force needed long-range, far-sighted planning. It meant taking an army on foot and transport across about 1,400 miles of sand which, until that time, apart from the odd truck, had only been crossed by camel and aircraft. A string of outposts were used as advance bases and preparations were in hand to make dumps right across the desert up past the Tibesti Mountain in the north, so that when the moment came to advance, the attacking column could pick up stores and supplies en route.

Vehicles heading for these dumps and outposts had to be convoyed from Fort Lahmy to the north, for within a day's drive of the headquarters town there were no roads other than tracks known only to Arab guides. So each convoy took a guide along, and each vehicle in the convoy was supposed to be completely self-supporting, carrying its own fuel, food and water, compass and maps. Then, in the event of a breakdown or separation from the main body in a sandstorm, the men aboard would stand a fair chance of survival.

Knew The Desert Backwards

We were a convoy of five vehicles headed by Commandant Hous. A short, square man with a strong sense of humour, he knew the desert backwards. In the second vehicle was Captain Dieau, a camel expert, who told me long stories of the French Camel Corps. "A good camel man," he said, "is one who walks on his own two feet, carrying part of the cargo. At all cost he must spare the camel. A man who rides his camel in the desert is a moron!"

My Sudanese driver spoke a mixture of English, French and Arabic. We got off to a bad start together, for when I climbed in the driving cabin, I found as companions three chickens, a small pig and a native woman who had at some time in the past rubbed animal fat into her frizzy hair. I suggested that they would be better in the outside part of the vehicle. He gave me a black look, so I called him "Blacklook." The native woman I decided to call "Lulu," only because she looked the part.

Lulu took a strange fancy to me; I was her clown. Whenever I looked at her she grinned, then pointed a long black finger at me and screamed with laughter. This went on and on and I never quite knew why I amused her so much. It was two days before I found the remedy. If I pointed the camera straight at her, she screamed with fear and ran behind the truck and hid with her hands clapped over her eyes. This was the first time that I discovered that the camera has an "evil eye," but it was a dodge that I was to use a lot later on.

Lulu Was Chased By Monkeys

We left Fort Lahmy at midnight, and headed north towards the Sahara. It was convoy procedure that each truck was responsible for keeping its follower in sight to prevent losses in the desert. As mine was the last truck I hoped that everybody really knew his drill. The first day out was easy travelling. We were able to average nearly twenty miles an hour over the hard sandstone tracks. A few trees gave us shade and there were dry-looking shrubs growing in clumps over the waterless soil. Monkeys abounded by the hundred, and I made some good shots of them climbing all over the convoy and chasing Lulu round and round our truck. They loved bananas, but invariably threw the skins back at us.

We shot gazelle for lunch and buck for dinner. The Frenchmen's way of shooting may not have been sportsmanlike, but it was efficacious. When a buck was spotted, we turned straight off the track and the whole convoy followed it, taking

Noble films an artillery duel in the Western Desert. He was later to use the same camera in a

pot-shots from a distance of under thirty yards. But the buck were used to it and it took us more than an hour to catch one magnificent fellow with a red breast. When we finally got him, he was too tough to eat, but Hous saved his hide.

Before dusk on the second day, we saw a camel tethered to a small, dry, prickly shrub. Near it stood an old man carrying a bow and arrow. As our guide spoke to him I began filming this fine old chap in action. He was a first-class shot with the bow and arrow and gave us a demonstration. He was out hunting rabbits, but had had a bad day. I asked where he had come from, and the old man pointed to the sunset.

"What's over there?" I asked the guide.

"Nothing!" he said, and as we drove away the old man with his bow and arrow climbed on the camel and rode off towards nothing.

When night fell, I learned how to campaign. The French Army in Equatorial Africa had got it down to a fine art. "Be comfortable while you can," said Commandant Hous. "You'll be uncomfortable soon enough."

He had brought with him a cook and head bottle washer, whose jobs were to cook our five-course meal, serve drinks and make our beds. There was red and white wine with each meal. The omelet was light and airy, made from eggs which Blacklook's chickens had laid in our truck. The soup was meat soup, made from the lunch left-overs of gazelle, and there was fish from a tin, fresh meat, and fresh fruit salad. Liqueurs to follow, and a rum nightcap.

A Drink From The Camel

At dawn, after a mug of steaming coffee, we were on our way again. For two days we saw no other sign of life, then we came across a camel train which had come from Tripoli four months before. For a couple of cigarettes we slaked our thirsts with camel's milk, given to us in large shallow gourds. We drank and drank until there seemed to be nothing left in the camels, and drove on again savouring the salty moistness of the strange liquid.

So easy was the going that in my mind I began to belittle the Sahara Desert. But on the third day I knew better. There was no gradual transit from shrub-land to desert. It was like stepping off the pavement into the roadway, or from land into water, so sudden was the change.

In several hours the going had changed and we were in trouble. All of us were bogged down, our rear wheels sunk to the axles in the soft sand. I made shots of the difficulties of desert travel until the camera was so hot from the rays of the sun I could no longer touch it.

Trouble In The Sand Dunes

We had twelve scaffolding poles with each truck and these were our "sand rescue" equipment. Each vehicle had four rear wheels—two sets of twins—and to get over the soft sand we had to make parallel tracks with poles. At a signal from me, Blacklook revved up and lurched forward to the end of our temporary road, then sank down into the sand. Once more we laid the scaffolding poles out—and once more we sank to the hubs. This went on for a whole day, and I doubt if we progressed five miles in that time.

There was no avoiding it; even the guide could suggest no alternative route. It was the same everywhere. And when we reached the rolling dunes we had double trouble. Not only were we getting bogged down at the foot of every dune, but if we climbed them too fast we stood an excellent chance of somersaulting down the other side—often a sheer drop of thirty feet.

Every time we stuck in the sand, Lulu fell off. Straight into the sand she would go, like a sack of coal falling into a snowdrift. Before we started on the next ten yards' trip, she climbed aboard ready to go. In less than two minutes she'd be down in the sand again, cackling away with great delight. She had an appreciation of slapstick comedy.

The convoy kept together with great difficulty, sinking here and slipping there, sometimes going ahead like a steam train and other times bogging down like a herd of hippopotami in a muddy pool. One day, just about midday, our engine began to splutter and steam belched out from under the bonnet. We were slowly being left behind. Blacklook pressed his hooter, but

different way—to capture thirty-seven Italians

for some reason this had stopped functioning. Soon the others were out of sight, and we chugged to a stop. We were in a three-sided valley, with huge sand dunes pointing to the sky on all sides.

Blacklook wasn't unduly ruffled and decided to make tea. From under the driving seat he hauled a chipped blue enamel teapot, with an odd red lid. He must have been taught to make tea by an Englishman. The pot was warmed by the sun, and the red, rusty water that he drew from the radiator was as boiling as water can be. Lulu, too, liked tea; she drank it from the spout of the enamel pot.

I sat looking at the tracks of the other vehicles winding away over the dune in front of us. It was a mountain of sand. I contemplated climbing it, but the temperature was such that the sand burned through the soles of my army boots. I knew that Commandant Hous would come back for us, but I didn't feel altogether at ease being left behind in this plight.

I discovered from Blacklook that we had no maps or compass on our truck, which made me angry, and I began to give him a furious telling-off, until I realized that a map wouldn't help us out of our difficulty with all those sand dunes looking alike.

Suddenly She Seemed Dangerous

Just at this time Blacklook went down with malaria. He'd been leaning over the hot engine, his face in the steam, for about a quarter of an hour, when he spun round and collapsed on the burning sand. I dragged him under the truck into the shade. He was muttering incoherently, and I only understood one word—malaria. He passed out and Lulu cackled at him lying there.

It was then that I saw her differently. Before she had been a good-natured half-wit incapable of harm. Now I saw her as a dangerous lunatic who might do anything to anybody if she were stranded in the desert in this kind of heat.

My nerves were fraying and I noticed a breeze springing up. It didn't ease the temperature, for it was a hot blast of air which seemed to be blowing from a furnace mouth. But I watched the particles of sand gradually covering the car tracks, both in front and behind us, our only guide to safety. If the worst came to the worst I was going to follow the tracks back to the south. But if they were obliterated, I would just have to walk south at night, and hope to hit a fort or village in four or five days.

With these sordid thoughts I climbed to the top of the dune and saw nothing but sand dunes and more sand dunes. This was a waste of time, so I made another attempt to get the engine going, but that was useless. The heat was too much to bear, and I joined the unconscious Blacklook and the sleeping Lulu under the truck. I lay there thinking that this was a good story—if I got back to tell it. As I dozed off, I could not get the expression "bleached bones" out of my mind.

Rescue In Time For Dinner

"Wake up, dinner will be ready soon!" I heard a voice say. Slowly I opened my eyes and looked into the face of Commandant Hous, who was kneeling down looking under the truck. Could it be true? Here I was, lost in the Sahara Desert, and now Hous was telling me that dinner was nearly ready!

I crawled out. It was evening. "We are only a few hundred yards farther on," said the commandant casually. "It did not seem worth coming back for you in the heat of the day. We also had a sleep," he said with a smile.

"Naturally. I did not expect you until much later, as a matter of fact," I lied. There seemed no point in letting him see how scared I'd been. We walked over the dunes, and in about ten minutes we were in his camp having our usual meal, with aperitifs and the rest. I wondered if I should tell them of the story I had filmed in my mind—"Lost in the Sahara"—and decided against it.

The desert finally flattened out. Blacklook had rid himself of malaria with more radiator tea, and by his expectant restlessness I sensed we were near the end of our journey. I looked for some kind of habitation, but the horizon was unbroken. There was nothing else in the world but the trucks, the sand and the sky.

Then, for no apparent reason, Commandant Hous suddenly turned sharp left. We'd been driving on the same bearing for hours, and now suddenly at no given point we had swung off at right angles. As I was trying to find a logical explanation for this changed course, the preceding trucks disappeared and in a few seconds we too were descending into a deep canyon.

The Oasis In The Canyon

The sides were as sheer as the cliffs of Dover but much deeper, and there, way down on the canyon floor, was a large undulating green carpet of palm trees. They grew so closely that their leaves made an unbroken green covering which completely hid the sandy base. As we descended we left the stifling heat behind us, and cool air currents blew across our faces as we drove along the sandy road through the date palms. This was Faya, one of the larger oases of the Southern Sahara.

Dusty and dirty, we sat in comfortable chairs in the officers' mess, each of us ordering a long, cool drink, red wine with water and ice. The bearer, an Arab boy, put the drinks on the table. "M'sieu Noble?" he asked.

"*Oui. C'est moi,*" I replied, and he pushed a wireless message into my hand: SUGGEST YOU RETURN WESTERN DESERT IMMEDIATELY.

What other business in the world is there where a man is so much a slave to the dictates of a desk man who sits in front of a huge world atlas? Who picks me up in the form of a flag and sticks me in another spot?

I can imagine him as he looks at the news headlines. He pretends to think for a moment, and then calls his glamorous secretary. "Oh, Miss Piper-Snodgrass. Get a cable off to Noble. He's in Africa somewhere. Tell him to get to

Continued on page 43

William Vanderson (left) and Norman Smith of the Army Film Unit. Noble and Vanderson shared many adventures: both were captured at Tobruk

Noble met Richard Dimbleby, "plump, pleasant and full of the latest news," near Tobruk just as it was about to fall. Wisely, Dimbleby went east to safety. Noble went west—into the bag

Bite the sparkle of a rippling stream!

Gay as the darts of sun on water, sweet as the song of a tinkling stream, merry as dancing, tumbling ripples—that's CRUNCHIE! . . . Revel in its smooth milk chocolate, munch its crispy golden centre—CRUNCHIE munching is really something!

4D

CRUNCHIE

makes exciting biting!

Miss Cherry says...

by L. S. HOWARTH

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL DOWSETT

It was intolerable: he was telling *her* how to teach girls. He might be a famous historian, but he knew nothing about women

"FRANKLY," MRS. FREEMAN SAID, "I think it's shocking!" Her son Oliver said emphatically, "It's dreadful!" Together they stared with distaste at the report book lying on the walnut table. On its sober green binding, decorative gold capitals blazoned the name of the Aldebaran Court High School for Girls. Inside, a variety of more workmanlike hands bore unsparing testimony to the academic limitations of Daphne Veronica Freeman, of Form IIIa.

"I'm sure I don't know," Mrs. Freeman sighed, "what your poor brother Charles has done to deserve this from his daughter."

"My brother Charles," said Oliver, "is in the Persian Gulf. Need he know?" He picked up the book and glanced gloomily through it. "'History—Very weak.' . . ." He dropped it despairingly. "History very weak—my niece!"

Inevitably, Mrs. Freeman's eyes strayed to the bookcase. From sober dust-jackets the works of her son stared at her stolidly. *The Fall of the French Monarchy,* by Oliver Freeman. *Reason and Revolution,* by Oliver Freeman. *From Vienna to Versailles,* by Oliver Freeman. . . .

"Perhaps," she said thoughtfully, "you could help her a little with her history homework?"

Oliver nodded. "It looks," he said, "as if I shall have to."

The promise was not forgotten, but the right time never quite arrived throughout the holidays.

It was on the third day of term that Daphne tackled her uncle at tea. "You said you'd help me with my history, didn't you?"

The reminder of his remissness cut sharply across Oliver's conscience. "Yes. Why, yes, of course I did!"

"We've got an essay to write."

"Good," said Oliver.

"It's an awfully hard essay. I can't do it."

"Can't!" said Oliver. "Can't! That is a word no child should use. Of course you can write an essay. I'll give you some advice after tea."

"I've finished my tea," Daphne said.

Trapped, Oliver watched her produce from behind her chair a maroon exercise book, a textbook covered in brown paper, and a fountain-pen. "I'm ready," she said.

Oliver picked up the textbook, opened it at the title page, and immediately snorted fiercely. "Chatterbush!" he exclaimed.

"I beg your pardon, Uncle Oliver?"

"Chatterbush!" Oliver repeated. "The name of the author. A dreary professor whose ideas have been out of date for twenty years. You can't take any notice of what he says!"

"Miss Cherry," Daphne said shyly, "thinks

Continued on page 32

Oliver stood there, looking formidable, and the enemy walked in. She was pretty, uncommonly pretty. He foresaw certain difficulties . . .

Gilbert Tomes measures the atom boom

by DON EVERITT

He adds up his profits as the world buys his Geiger counters, tools of the atomic age. "You never know where they'll turn up next," he says. "They go into needles, furnaces—even beehives"

DURING THE WAR, Gilbert Tomes, a spare-time beekeeper, sought a scientific method of automatically re-hiving honey bees swarming after the old queen bee when she leaves the hive at the appearance of a new queen. He built trap-doors and passages leading from an occupied to an unoccupied hive, then fixed magnetized fragments of metal on an old queen's back.

Tomes hoped that, when the queen set off, the magnets would move finely balanced needles which would, in turn, electrically open and close trapdoors and lead the bee and her followers along the passages to the empty hive. But puffs of wind too easily upset the delicate mechanism.

Next, Tomes tried putting a dab of luminous paint on a queen's back and, at the exit, a photo-electric device to open the doors—only to find lightning flashes and other unwanted light opening and shutting the trapdoors prematurely.

One day, it occurred to Tomes, then a television and radar engineer, that the luminous paint contained radio-active radium salt. Since no one manufactured the counting device invented in 1919 by two Germans named Geiger and Müller for detecting and measuring radio-activity, Tomes made one himself and fixed it inside the hive exit. When the queen began to leave the hive, the Geiger counter reacted and worked the trapdoors. Later, in a scientific paper, Tomes reported at last that he had found a foolproof, though elaborate, method of averting the wasteful departure of the honey bees and the queen at her swarming time.

In his spare time, Gilbert Tomes continued to make a few Geiger counters, mostly for research workers who read his paper, until, in June, 1945, the first atomic bomb disintegrated Hiroshima. In October that year, Tomes (with a partner who died in 1946) rented an old stable in South London, employed a staff of one, and began producing hand-made Geiger counter tubes as fast as he could go.

Janet Wootton, one of the hundred employees in Tomes's Croydon factory, seals up Geiger counter tubes. The largest size made is five feet long

Doubled Production Yearly

In his first year in business, Tomes made fewer than 150 tubes, but secured research contracts from the Admiralty and the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell. The next year he more than doubled his output, took on thirteen more employees, and moved to larger premises. Each year since, the production has gone on doubling. Today, Tomes's private company, Twentieth Century Electronics, Limited, is the world's major producer of the Geiger counter tube, universal tool of the atomic age.

Forty years old, Gilbert Arthur Richard Tomes is a brisk, sociable Londoner, with a staccato voice, a sudden shrill laugh, and a marked habit of checking and stressing his facts as he speaks. "Last year we turned out forty thousand counters," he says. "This year it will be eighty thousand at least. No, say nearer a hundred thousand. This year's turnover will be between £120,000 and £150,000. Exports worth around £35,000. I own ninety-nine per cent of the shares.

"We built a new factory last year. At New Addington, the Croydon satellite town. We've already had to double its size. We're employing a hundred now. Soon it'll be two hundred. It's the first factory specializing in Geiger counter tubes. First in the world, excluding the Iron Curtain."

An aggressive and methodical business man who has kept a diary for the past twenty years, Tomes today markets his product in all but Communist countries. Sales and technical talks have taken him over most of Western Europe, and his order books contain addresses from Tokyo to Buenos Aires.

Atomic researchers take the larger proportion of his output. Roughly half the tubes go to Harwell or to a government department. Regular orders come from organizations like the Canadian atomic establishment at Chalk River, the French atomic energy commission, and the Japanese department which hurriedly bought thirty tubes not long ago for "the researches of radio-activity including ashes, fishes and suffered fishermen, caused by the explosion test of hydrogen bomb at Bikini Island."

But quite apart from the atomic agencies, Tomes's business has boomed because the Hiroshima holocaust set off a chain reaction which has carried the usefulness of gamma and beta rays as far as the museum and the operating theatre. Gas, textile and motor car engineers use Geiger counters to measure wear and tear and trace hidden processes with materials made radio-active. Dental, orthopaedic, brain and plastic surgeons similarly track radio-active food, blood, calcium.

Swedish telephone engineers bought tubes from Tomes, pumped radio-active gas into underground cables, then swept the streets with the Geiger counters to find leakages. With counters, geologists proved that the Piltdown Man, also called the Dawn Man or first Englishman, to be not so many thousands of years old as his discoverers claimed. Even Farouk, when he was a king, bought six tubes from Tomes. He did not specify his purpose.

Plumbers Will Use Counters

So many uses arise for materials made artificially radio-active in atomic piles, and so much unsuspected radio-activity exists in the world, that no one can be sure where the man with the Geiger counter will turn up next. Tomes, combining an acute feeling for publicity with a lively imagination, abounds with ideas.

"A plumber searching for the course of an old pipe under a house. He doesn't rip up the floor. He pushes a wire with a radio-active tip down the pipe. Then he charts it with a counter."

Though Tomes refers frequently to counters, he does not in fact make the complete instrument. He makes the tube, the heart of the counter: the rest of it is an unexceptional recording device. The tube detects the invisible particles of gamma and beta radiation which radio-active materials project into space. These particles normally pass unnoticed through most objects, but some materials, like lead, slow down and absorb them.

The Geiger counter tube contains two electrodes creating an electric field in a gas. A

Tomes made his first Geiger counter tube to re-hive his swarming bees. Now his firm is the world's largest producer of the tubes

Full of ideas for new ways of using his Geiger counters, Tomes watches while his chief engineer hunts the pond for fish that have been fed with radio-active bait

radio-active particle passing into the gas causes a tiny flash, a discharge. A recorder, a loudspeaker or an electrical brain registers the discharges visibly or audibly. As the tube approaches the radio-active source, the count of particles increases. A milligram of radium sulphate an inch from a tube might give a count of a thousand a second; an archaeological specimen containing only a trace of radio-activity may take weeks to give a count of ten.

Gilbert Tomes makes forty different counter tubes. "The largest and cheapest range marketed by one firm. We charge from thirty shillings to thirty pounds. Some American counters cost a hundred. Our smallest counter is a quarter of an inch long. Our longest: five feet." It can be fixed to a doorpost to detect contaminated people leaving a room.

Put Tubes In Tins Of Soup

"We make counters to stand extreme temperatures, to work in oil under pressure. For Civil Defence workers, we put the counters in rubber jackets for protection. Some counters have special 'pockets,' of wafer-thin glass, for sampling drinking water. Some have internal tubing for testing wires and gases. Soon we'll be making tubes that patients can swallow. Once we had to seal some tubes in soup tins to prevent pressure damage when they were flown abroad."

Though Tomes now mass-produces most of his tubes, some, calling for high glass-blowing skill, have to be hand-made. Certain types have glass walls a three-thousandth of an inch thick. About one in five tubes is lost in production. "Newcomers to the staff nearly have nervous breakdowns," says Tomes. "Then they get philosophical."

For Tomes and his engineers to develop a new tube costs up to £15,000. They have designed several under Ministry of Supply contracts. "We made a neutron counter tube for Harwell. It took two years to perfect. It detects slow neutrons right inside an atomic pile. But should I say that? Is it still hush-hush? Got to be careful. If I say the wrong thing, these Harwell boys will have my blood."

Outside the atomic energy field, a major source of Tomes's customers is the medical world, especially the Medical Research Council. Orthopaedic and brain surgeons once came to Tomes, asking him to make a tube no bigger than a hypodermic syringe needle which could be easily sterilized and used without risk in an operating theatre.

Two years later, Tomes and his chief engineer, Norman Balaam, produced a tube with its active part *inside* the tip of a hypodermic needle and measuring eight by two millimetres. Surgeons today use the needle counter for detecting the supply of blood in broken bones and for experiments not yet published.

At the North Thames Gas Board works, a scientist wanted to check that a gas-producing furnace worked efficiently and that none of the coal travelling through it lodged at the sides. He asked Gilbert Tomes to make a Geiger counter tube to work inside the furnace. Balaam and Tomes designed six small, glass, water-cooled tubes to work at the end of twenty-foot stainless steel probes. With these, the gas scientist and his assistants followed the course of a chunk of radio-active cobalt passed repeatedly through the furnace.

Tomes and Balaam designed another most delicate tube which they call the end window type, at the request of an archaeologist. The archaeologist's specimens emitted radio-active particles so weak and infrequent that they rarely penetrated even the thinnest glass Geiger counter tube. "After four months' work," Tomes says, "Norman turned out a tube with a mica window at one end. He split the mica, one four-thousandth of an inch thick, by hand. We make them fairly regularly now."

Wanted The Signature First

Often, Tomes gets highly urgent orders for tubes. Late one afternoon, a Manchester doctor telephoned to say that a nurse had dropped and broken his hospital's last Geiger counter tube and he needed another at once to continue vital radium treatment for a patient. Tomes rushed across London to get to Euston Station in time to put a parcel of tubes on the evening express.

One Christmas Eve, Tomes had a telephoned order from Australia. The call, lasting fifteen minutes, followed a uranium strike. "It would be nice to say we dashed to London Airport and had the tubes flown out that same day. But we didn't. We wanted the signed order first."

In a business in which, Tomes says, many scientific customers are "up in the clouds," Tomes himself keeps his feet firmly on commercial ground. "I still keep bees," he says. "Only difference is that before I had this business I kept bees and an old Austin Ten. Now I keep bees and a new Bentley." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

A huge ball of smoke and fire burst through the tanker's deck, splitting the hull

RIVER OF FLAME

by CAMERON HAWLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD OSMOND

He had taken command without authority. What did a captain do now?

A HUNDRED PAIRS of eyes watched the white ambulance back away from the freighter's gangplank, move slowly across the cluttered dockyard, nudge past the burros tied in the shade of the Customs shed and then disappear down the road that had been hacked through the Venezuelan jungle.

Suddenly, as if the disappearance were a prearranged signal, the silence ended. Shrill voices shrieked commands in Spanish and the stevedores were moving again. A winch chattered in agonized protest and a sling of steel pipe came up from the deep hold, crashed against the hatch coaming, hung for a moment in slow-swinging suspension, and then dropped to the wharf with a thunderous clatter. Another load of well casing was on its way to the oil field.

The hold was almost empty now. In less than an hour the last of the s.s. Carubique's cargo would be discharged. Then she would be ready to make her tight turn in the narrow river and head down-stream for the Caribbean. Before midnight, if all went well, she would be back in the open sea again, bound for Puerto Rico to load sugar and molasses for Baltimore.

High on the bridge deck of the freighter, Chief Mate John McDade squared his shoulders and tugged down the peak of his uniform cap. This was it! At last he had his own ship. The Old Man was in that ambulance. Captain Sorenson was done, off the ship, out of command. Tomorrow they would fly him back to the States.

McDade had glimpsed a phrase on the doctor's report, ". . . suspect chronic alcoholism as . . ." That would set Fleming back on his keel—show how little he knew about picking skippers.

Fleming was the port captain in New York. For seven years John Edwards McDade had waited in vain for Fleming to give him the command to which he was entitled. Instead, Fleming had shanghaied him into sailing again and again as chief mate.

Long-borne anger shimmered in McDade's mind like the heat waves that rose from the sun-broiled dock. It was Fleming who had cheated him of command and kept him sailing all these years as a three-striper. And always with bottom-of-the-barrel skippers—Fleming's mistakes—shipmasters who couldn't get by if they didn't have a top chief mate backing them up.

Well, it didn't matter any more. Fleming hadn't licked him. He'd stuck it out and now it had paid off. The Carubique was his. Fleming couldn't deny him now. It wasn't just the accident of his happening to be chief mate of a ship that had lost its captain. He was senior chief mate of the whole line, hang it, and well overdue for command.

But why hadn't the confirmation of his command come through from New York? He glanced irritably at his watch. It was an hour and forty minutes since Sparks had reported that he had cleared the message to WOE.

There was a temptation to check in the radio office, but he passed the door with only a quick side glance to assure himself that Sparks was still standing watch. That was the first rule of a master's life—never show anxiety.

CROSS, the third mate, appeared. "Report on discharging, sir," he said, with a crackle in his voice. He was only a year out of marine school and the polish hadn't worn off yet. "We'll have the stevedores ashore in thirty minutes."

It was obvious that Cross accepted him as the ship's new master and he felt a glow of pleasure and gratitude.

"The pilot's asking when you'll sail, sir."

John McDade hesitated, torn by conflicting impulses. He wanted nothing in the world so much as to issue his first sailing command as the captain of his own ship, yet there was a standing order that blocked him. The Operating

and spewing burning oil into the river. The Carubique was heading straight into it

Manual spelled it out without a loophole: *"Except in cases of extreme emergency created by the hazards of the sea, or when communication with the office of the port captain is impossible, no change in command nor in the status or major duties of any officer shall be made without specific approval."*

By no stretch of the imagination could this be called an extreme emergency. The Carubique was safely tied to a dock twenty miles up a jungle river. Until he had received authorization from New York, he couldn't make a move.

Deceit was foreign to John McDade's character, but Cross's eager young eyes forced him into a delaying tactic, an unconscious side step to avoid the admission that he might not be the master of the Carubique.

"Send up the second, please, Mr. Cross."

It was a logical order—the master consulting with his navigating officer before sailing—and Cross accepted it without suspicion, disappearing with a snappy half salute.

The chief mate walked the length of the bridge, unmindful of the perspiration that was already blackening the crisply pressed uniform shirt that he had put on fresh less than an hour before. He stopped on the starboard wing, looking back. Yes, this was his world—where he belonged—the bridge.

As chief mate, he had been almost completely shut away from navigation and ship handling. The chief mate didn't even stand a watch. For seven years he had been nothing but a seagoing bookkeeper, holed up in his stuffy little stateroom with an evergrowing avalanche of paper work, sweating it out over manifests and stowage plans, Customs declarations and clearance forms, operating reports and port-repair lists and pay schedules.

The sea officer was the second mate, Duffy. This was Duffy's first voyage in the Carubique and McDade had seen little of him. Duffy had a master's ticket, but that meant little these days—master's tickets all over the beach.

When Duffy appeared, McDade froze his face in a master's mask. Duffy's appearance did nothing to warrant a warmer welcome. There was a day-old stubble of red beard on his face and he wore a torn T-shirt that was only slightly less disreputable than his grease-smeared dungarees. McDade clamped his jaw against the impulse to remind Duffy that there were certain minimum requirements for an officer's attire, even on a freighter in a jungle port.

"Been back on the steering engine with the chief engineer," Duffy said with yawning informality, his tone making it clear that his attitude was that of passing on an interesting news item rather than reporting to a ship's captain. "The Old Man was kicking about her being a little slack to the wheel, so the chief's been digging into it. He's got it licked, but he had to shorten up the travel to do it. Just means we'll have to go a little easy when we sock her over on full rudder. Might jam if we do. Nothing to worry about, though. This old tub's got more rudder than we ever use, anyway."

McDade's hand flashed out to stop the helmsman. He saw the mistake he had made. His order might mean disaster

McDade felt the bristle of annoyance, not only at Duffy's failure to accept his accession to command but also at three clear violations of proper conduct.

First, the second mate had no business usurping the responsibilities of the chief engineer. Second, the chief himself should have reported to the bridge. Third, the second mate had no authority to approve a change or modification in the ship's engines or gear.

It was all a hang-over from Sorenson's sloppy command. There would be some changes around here soon. When his command was confirmed —he checked the thought. Instinct warned him that the second mate was about to ask whether there had been a message from New York. Driven by an urgency that was too demanding to wait for reason, McDade heard himself ask: "What will our tide and current conditions be, Mr. Duffy, if I sail at five o'clock?"

He had snapped the question with the tone of an examiner bearing down on a green kid sitting for his third mate's ticket.

Duffy blinked, but he said languidly enough: "Five o'clock ought to work out all right. We'll have the ebb halfway down and slack water through all of the narrow channel. Won't hit the start of the flood until we're almost down to the refinery." Duffy hesitated, his grin twisting into a taunt. "Want me to post the sailing board for five?"

John McDade saw only too clearly that he had manoeuvred himself into an impossible position. He had no authorization to command, yet he had virtually committed himself to sailing—and he couldn't back out now.

Could he stall? Wait another hour? No. Then

Continued on page 29

The zoo man charms his snakes – with caution

by JIM MILLER

As head keeper of the reptiles, Reginald Lanworn handles his charges with respect—and a cool sixth sense. He has made a pet of a nine-foot dragon and carried cobras around in a suitcase

Reginald Lanworn lets children play with a small tame alligator at London Zoo. But he keeps a firm hold—he never takes chances with reptiles

EARLY LAST AUGUST, a quiet, unassuming man stepped off a plane at London Airport carrying an ordinary travel-worn suitcase, which he obediently opened for a Customs inspector. The inspector peered into the suitcase, and recoiled. Inside, staring unblinkingly upwards in the sudden light, were three six-foot cobras, one of the deadliest species of reptile in the world.

In charge of the three cobras—two Indian and one African—was Reginald Lanworn, chief keeper of the reptile house at the London Zoo in Regent's Park. The snakes were being returned to their home in the zoo after ten days in Rome where they—and their keeper—took part in the filming of a picture, *Land Of The Pharaohs*.

The startled Customs inspector had little to fear. Lanworn carried the cobras to and from Rome in a suitcase because that was the simplest and safest way of handling them.

Edward Dexter, a colleague with twenty-six years' experience of handling reptiles, credits Lanworn with a knowledge amounting almost to a sixth sense. "He can tell how a snake is going to act almost as soon as he looks at it. It's a matter of experience, knowledge and intuition."

Tour Covered 17,000 Miles

Still in his mid-forties, Reginald Lanworn has held his present job for nearly twenty years, heading a staff of seven under the direction of John Lester, curator of reptiles. He has taken part in specimen-hunting expeditions to the Far East, organized by the British Museum, the Royal Zoological Society, and by private individuals, notably the late Lord Moyne. One such tour of the Dutch East Indies lasted seven months and covered 17,000 miles.

As chief keeper, Lanworn is responsible for the care of several hundred specimens at the zoo, and he personally looks after the more dangerous reptiles—crocodiles, venomous snakes, constricting pythons and poisonous lizards.

Recently, Lanworn was cleaning a cage occupied by a Malayan cobra and a black-nicked African cobra—two snakes that eject venom to blind their prey—when he noticed that they were becoming restive. He promptly stopped work, closed the cage door and walked away. A few minutes later he returned, wearing a specially made set of protective goggles. As soon as he opened the cage, twin jets of venom arched through the air and sprayed over his goggles.

"Even if the snakes fail to seize their victims," says Lanworn, "the venom can blind

As Lanworn stands guard, a visitor tries a necklace of ten feet of live python. One snake, crawling free, nearly panicked a TV studio

To cure giant tortoise Amelia—more than a hundred years old—when she cut her tail, Lanworn gave her a wooden "brace" and tonic-spiced apples

permanently. Most snakes soon get used to zoo life, but on occasion, especially if annoyed or handled too much, they turn nasty."

Snakes, lizards and crocodiles are often in demand by film company property masters, television studios and lecturers. Lanworn always travels with the dangerous specimens. "We never permit a reptile to leave the zoo without a keeper," he says. "If no keeper is about, the creature is likely to be manhandled."

In Rome last August the producers of *Land Of The Pharaohs* searched in vain for an actor willing to play the part of a snake charmer. "Why not Lanworn?" suggested someone.

Lanworn agreed. "My part was small," he says. "All I do in the film is to sit cross-legged in front of a basket of cobras and play a flute."

A solidly built, blue-eyed Londoner, Lanworn once accompanied a deadly five-foot puff adder to the B.B.C.'s Lime Grove television studios, where the snake was to be the subject of a televised lecture. "It behaved itself during the rehearsals," says Lanworn. "But when the programme was being transmitted, the snake abruptly slithered off its table and began crawling across the studio floor, almost panicking the camera crews."

Television cameras swung wildly as the crews scurried about the studio in their efforts to keep out of the adder's way. "The whole incident lasted only a few moments," says Dexter, "but it seemed like an hour before Lanworn managed to grab the snake at the base of its skull and get it back into its basket. It was just a routine thing for him."

Lanworn is never careless where reptiles are concerned. Although he daily handles venomous snakes, ten-foot pythons and razor-toothed crocodiles, he has been bitten only once in thirty years at this kind of work. That was in 1930, in Penang, Malaya.

"In those days," says Lanworn, "it was customary for natives to bring specimens to our base camp. Snakes would arrive in all sorts of containers—earthen jugs, string bags, grass baskets, even in the hollow segments of bamboo poles. We were never certain what we would find until we opened the containers."

One evening, a native came to the camp carrying a basket which he said held a snake. Lanworn lifted the cover, but before he could drop it a deadly pit viper—a nocturnal snake—sank its fangs into his hand.

"If I had opened the basket during the heat of the day," he says, "the pit viper would have been too sluggish to strike." Lanworn was given an injection of snake serum and "suffered only a little inconvenience for a day or two."

He works to an exacting schedule, often spending ten hours a day supervising work in the reptile house under the administrative direction of Lester. Each day he examines specimens to see that they are healthy, prepares a report on their condition for the zoo's director, organizes the cleaning of the building, and orders food from the zoo's storekeeper and buyer.

In one week, the zoo's hundreds of reptiles eat only 125 pounds of food—including fruit, vegetables, horse-meat, fish, dead rats, mice, goats, snails, maggots, flies and locusts. "Some of the reptiles," says Lanworn, "eat only one meal a week; others only one or two a month."

Sometimes the zoo obtains a new specimen which eats food difficult to obtain in Britain. Recently, a lizard arrived which lived almost entirely on a certain type of snail. When the storekeeper was unable to supply the snail in large enough quantities, Lanworn had a story issued to newspapers. "We soon had more snails than we knew what to do with," says Dexter.

"Disappearing Trick" With Eggs

Lanworn has been able to train some of the creatures he cares for in spite of evidence that reptiles show no recognition of people. A few years ago he had the distinction of having what was probably the strangest pet in the world—a nine-foot Komodo dragon.

Christened Sunbawa—after the name of the place in the Dutch East Indies where it was found—the dragon was actually a large monitor lizard and weighed almost 150 pounds. Lanworn trained it to follow him about the reptile house and to swallow eggs without breaking the shells.

"It was a great favourite with visitors," says Lanworn. "People used to feed it eggs to see it do its egg-disappearing trick."

He never permits strangers to approach or handle reptiles in his absence. On rare occasions, he delights children by draping a tame ten-foot python about their shoulders. "Strangely enough, girls are much less squeamish about this than boys."

Dexter says that he has seldom seen Lanworn stumped when confronted by new specimens, even though there are five thousand known varieties of reptile in the world. "He is usually able to classify them by his knowledge of their habits and habitat."

Part of Lanworn's duties consists of identifying snakes found in crates of fruit and vegetables at markets throughout Britain. Most of them come in boats from the tropics. "We call them stowaways."

A few months ago, when he was asked to identify a snake which turned up at a London warehouse, he found employees toying with the reptile. "It was a fer-de-lance—one of the deadliest snakes in the western hemisphere."

Boy Put Adder In His Pocket

Not all who play with snakes are so lucky. Last year, a small boy ignored the warning signs round the outdoor snake garden in Regent's Park, jumped over the protective moat and picked up an English adder. When the snake showed no inclination to strike, he put it in his pocket. At home that evening, the boy pulled the adder from his pocket and was promptly nipped. He had to be taken to hospital.

Lanworn admits that, in spite of his knowledge of reptiles, their unpredictability has sometimes caused him a few bad moments.

Recently, he put the carcass of a goat into a cage containing two ten-foot pythons—one of which was shedding its skin. Ordinarily, pythons do not feed while shedding, but on this occasion both snakes lunged for the goat and a battle soon developed.

Lanworn, Lester and another keeper entered the cage to separate the snakes. In the struggle, one python slithered out of the cage dragging the men and the other python with it. The battle continued. After half an hour the men triumphed, separated the pythons and got them back into the cage.

"Wasn't it dangerous?" asked one of Lanworn's friends.

"Yes," replied Lanworn. "I suppose it was—for the snakes. If we hadn't interfered, they might have killed each other." THE END

Sophie stood there at my side without a word. Anxiously, I watched her as she poured the wine, hoping for a sign. But she gave none

Castle Minerva

by VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Everything at the castle was bewildering. Who were my jailers? Why was I held here? And Sophie . . . She loved me—yet refused to help me escape

WHEN THE MOON WENT IN, I was going to run for it. I had managed to cut the ropes that bound me to the man in front and the man behind. I held them loosely in my hands. . . .

My name is David Fraser, and I am a schoolmaster. I had accepted a holiday tutoring job in the south of France because I could never refuse a request from Colonel Drexel. He had saved my life during the war.

Drexel was now a British agent, and on his instructions I had gone to a villa near Banyuls. While waiting there for my pupil, I had met a girl in the town—Sophie Orbais. And that was when my troubles started. For Sophie kept queer company. She had two friends called Sarrasin and Paviot who seemed to have a hold over her. She told me they were smugglers who wanted to borrow the villa launch.

Sarrasin himself telephoned one night to say he was coming for it. I gave him a short answer, mainly because my mind was on other things—Drexel had arrived with my charge.

The boy was Prince Jabal Akhdar, the heir to an Arab oil state. He had been abducted by Drexel from under the nose of the anti-British regent. An oil concession was coming up for renewal and Jabal, against the regent's wishes, wanted to renew it in favour of British interests.

When Sarrasin came that night, the boy was locked in his room, with Drexel's manservant Brindle on guard outside the door. I waited in the garden. But we were both taken unawares, knocked out, and the boy kidnapped. I still didn't know how.

What I did know was that the police suspected me of being in the plot—and so, it seemed, did Drexel. Didier, the Commissioner of Police, took me off for further questioning, but our car was waylaid—by Sarrasin and Paviot and another man. We were bundled out. I saw a knife gleam and the driver screamed, and then Sarrasin and the other two drove off with me at speed.

We stopped after a while. Sarrasin and Paviot roped me between them and we left the road and struck up into the hills.

And slowly, after the nightmare daze of the last few hours, my brain began to work again. I had to get away. I managed to cut my ropes with a penknife I had in my pocket. . . .

The moon was bright, but there were clouds in the sky. I waited my chance.

PART THREE

The Girl In The Cabin

GEORGE SARRASIN shouted "Paviot." Paviot stopped and looked back, and I half turned, too. Sarrasin came up close to me and I saw him look down towards my left hand, which was trying to hide the loose ends of the rope. He had his revolver out and he said evenly: "I was a fool. We should have searched you."

I took a chance. I kicked at the revolver

I edged my way along the narrow ledge, sweating with the strain. Below me, the wall dropped sheer in the moonlight

and threw myself sideways. I missed the revolver and fell and he was on me like a cat, his weight driving the wind from my body. He straddled over me, his knees gripping my sides, and behind him was Paviot and I could see the knife in his hand. There was nothing I could do except curse myself for not having tried to escape in the first five minutes. I might have made it then.

"You have caused trouble. *Eh bien*, you wish for unpleasantness." Sarrasin smacked at my face with his open hand. It was a hard, fierce blow, but less painful than insulting since he used his open hand, showing his contempt. From that moment I began to hate him.

They went through my pockets as I lay on the ground and then, tossing my knife into the bushes, they roped me again. We went on, and I knew that so long as we were roped I was not going to have any chance with them.

And as I walked, roped between them like some slave, I could feel my face smarting from the blow. It was the same hand that had struck at Sophie and bruised her. George Sarrasin, I thought; full of strength and vigour, who didn't care whether it was man or woman he struck. . . . How I hated him, how I warmed myself with the hope that one day I should be free on my feet with a chance to get at him!

It was a wonderful, unchristian feeling and I nursed it tenderly.

We crossed a high meadow, the wind taking the thin grasses like smoke, a smell of wild thyme and basil rising from the crushed turf under our feet. At the head of the meadow, the path we were following led away to the left.

Paviot stopped and turned round to Sarrasin. "The path, or over the top?"

Sarrasin said: "Over the top. By the path we might meet someone."

Against the sky ahead of us I saw the sharp line of a peak. It took us an hour to make the top and there we rested in the lee of a boulder while Paviot smoked a cigarette and I kept him company. No one spoke. Sarrasin sat by himself. He was wearing a loose black sweater and tight knee breeches and about his middle he had a wide leather belt with what looked like a large silver buckle worked in some intricate design. I couldn't see clearly what it was.

FAR away and below us was a great night stretch of the coast laid out, a dark hem of land embroidered here and there with faint whorls of light from towns and villages. I wondered what was happening below there. A police driver probably dead, Didier snapping out instructions, and back at the villa Colonel Drexel working out this fresh complication.

As I went on, I was working it out myself. I understood now what had been in Didier's mind when he had shouted to me from the roadside. He had decided that I was not being taken away by force, but that I was being rescued. And now I saw that from Sarrasin's point of view—if he were the brain behind the abduction of Jabal—it was also a convenient interpretation. It gave the impression that I was not merely involved in this affair but had possibly organized it and, when my innocent front had begun to fail, had signalled for help.

A hundred questions stirred in my brain. The most important was what was going to happen to me—and to Jabal. I hadn't thought of him much, but now I started to. I liked the boy a lot and my anger against Sarrasin grew as I thought of what would happen to Jabal if he were sold back to Sheik Ahmed ben Fa'id.

Some time after we had passed the peak and had made three or four miles down the slope through groves of cork trees, we came out on to a rough cart-track. Some way down the track we swung right-handed into the trees and then came out into a small clearing. To one side of it was a small cabin with an outside veranda, the whole thing reminding me of a country cricket pavilion.

As we went up to the cabin, Paviot gave a low whistle. The door opened and a golden wedge of light struck across the veranda. Someone stood beside the door and we clumped up

I saw a man walk angrily into the room. I recognized him at once—and got the shock of my life

the wooden steps and into the hut, still roped. For an instant I had a childish desire that all this should be a dream, that really I was just coming back to the Climbers' Club hut at Helyg after a long day over the Carnedds. . . .

I didn't take in the details of the hut. I just stood there while Sarrasin cleared the ropes from us, and I saw that the rough table held food and a bottle of red wine. Sarrasin nodded at the table and I sat down. Somewhere behind me the door closed, and then Sarrasin was saying: "You go well. You are used to the hills." Not a question but a statement, and his tone a compliment for which I had no need.

And then I saw Sophie. She came from the door and poured wine for us. She wore a windbreaker and a rough skirt and her thick, black hair was caught up at the back with a ribbon. She put a glass before me and I looked at her. She made no sign. I suppose I had expected to see her there, but it was still a shock.

She half turned to Sarrasin, reaching past me to pour wine for him, and she said: "You have been quicker than I thought."

"Our friend here travels fast. He gave a little trouble once. But after that. . . ."

He laughed and she smiled easily as she handed him his glass. They talked over my head, as though I had no existence. Then she moved across the room to attend to Paviot.

I tossed back my wine, feeling it rough and stimulating against my tiredness, and turning to Sarrasin I said: "Now we've time to breathe perhaps you'll tell me what all this is about? You've got Jabal, you've got me—and you've knifed a policeman. You're doing fine."

Sarrasin looked at me and smiled. "In time you shall know all that is necessary."

He spoke so placidly, was so damned sure of himself, that it made me lose control. I jumped to my feet, but in the same moment I saw the miracle of swift movement which was Sarrasin's pride. He was up and his revolver was out and levelled at me, and on the other side of the room Paviot, lounging back in his chair, had his knife ready. So quickly that it seemed to have materialized in his hand.

"Sit down and be sensible," said Sarrasin.

In jumping to my feet I had hit the table and Sarrasin's glass had gone over. Sophie got a rag from somewhere and began to mop the wine.

And then it happened, the thing I had been waiting for. She was close to me and for a second her hand touched mine. Just a touch and the swiftest of glances as she straightened up, and it was all there, all the love and faith between us, and I knew that never again would I question them. I was ashamed that I had ever doubted her.

"Go to bed, Sophie," said Sarrasin.

Obediently, she moved to the only other door in the room. For a second her eyes were on me, then she went through into the other room, closing the door on us.

Sarrasin said: "If you do not wish to eat and you have had enough wine, you should sleep." He nodded to a mattress that lay on the floor against the far wall.

I got up and went over to the mattress and he went to the main door and bolted it. I sat down on the mattress and was suddenly aware of my stiffness and fatigue.

His back to me, Sarrasin said: "Tomorrow you shall have better quarters. Also, monsieur, take my advice—don't give any trouble. We are well able to deal with it."

As he turned and faced me, I remembered the bruise on Sophie's shoulder. I said: "If the chance comes I'll cause trouble. All I hope is that you're at the other end of it!"

Next morning, Sophie made breakfast for us. We had coffee, fried eggs and then peach *confiture* on bread. Paviot did not eat much, but George ate enormously. I was reminded of Drexel's appetite. Thinking of Drexel was unpleasant. He was carrying so much. Now he had my disappearance as an extra load.

After breakfast, Paviot and George sat just outside the door on the veranda where they could see me. A couple of hours passed, and then I heard the sound of a car engine. I went to the door. Sarrasin put his arm across it, barring my way but not stopping me from looking. Paviot went down into the clearing.

Behind me I heard Sophie say: "Who is it?"

"Gerard and Fargette," answered Sarrasin.

As he spoke, two vehicles came into the clearing from the track beyond the trees. One was a shabby Fiat and the other was one of those large wine tankers which they use in the Roussillon for transporting cheap-grade wines.

The two vehicles stopped outside the hut. The man who got out of the cab of the wine tanker I knew. He had been in the rowing-boat with Sarrasin and he had driven the Citroën off last night. I had not realized before how small he was—little more than four feet with rather sticking-out ears and a screwed-up, monkeyish face. He had some slight deformity of the left leg and walked with a quick little lilt, as though there was a large stone in his shoe.

The man from the Fiat was about sixty, thin-faced and white and worried. He came quickly up the veranda steps, looking away from Paviot, and said to Sarrasin: "This dirty Paviot. Why can't he watch his hands?"

Behind me I heard Sophie's voice. "Is it the policeman?"

"Yes, it's the policeman. They think he'll die."

I heard Sophie's breath drawn in sharply. But Sarrasin said heavily, unconcerned. "We all have to die. Paviot was handicapped by the dark."

Then the old man—he was Gerard, I learned—saw me, gave me a single hard, worried glance, and turned away. "We must go," he said nervously. "I do not like this openness. One never knows . . . some forester, or a boy might come along. Fargette, open that thing up!"

I saw the other man, Fargette, climb to the top of the tanker and begin to unscrew the wing-nuts that held down the large filler cap. And Sarrasin, seeing me watch this operation, said: "That is for you. A little stuffy, perhaps, but it is a good way of travelling incognito."

He touched my arm and I moved towards the tanker with Paviot on one side and Sarrasin on the other. So far they had not given me a chance and they were not giving me one now. The revolver and the knife were out in the open. Gerard fussed on ahead and I heard him call to Fargette: "You've got the little air thing fixed? He must breathe."

Fargette grunted and half raised a hand as though he was brushing away a fly. All the same, Gerard appeared to be the man who gave the orders.

I climbed up to the top of the tanker. I suppose I could have refused to climb up and lower myself down into a space little bigger than a barrel, but as that would have meant a crack on the head and being tossed into the thing, I preferred to go under my own steam.

When my feet touched the bottom, my head was still out of the small trapdoor. Fargette gave me a wink and said: "You will have to bend

Continued on page 35

Mrs. McKay mothers the show people

by JOAN POWE

Stars or unknowns, they're all welcome. She nurses them, guards their money, and stops her china dogs from frightening the pianist

LESTER FERGUSON, the singer, told the audience at a packed Manchester theatre one evening in 1951 that he was about to sing a number in honour of his landlady, Mrs. Alma McKay, who had nursed him when he was suffering from laryngitis at his "digs." From her seat in the stalls, Mrs. McKay took a bow.

As she and her husband were leaving after the performance, they were approached by a group of teenage fans who wanted to know Ferguson's full address in Manchester. Mrs. McKay merely told them that he was at a private house. Later, as she stood in the bus queue, she overheard Ferguson's admirers planning to follow her home and lie in wait for the singer when he returned from the theatre.

"It was the last thing I wanted," she says. "People in show business stay in digs to relax, protected from autograph hunters and fans." So Mrs. McKay and her husband changed buses twice on the journey home and made several detours into side streets. By the time she reached the suburban house where she takes in theatrical boarders, she had thrown the last of the autograph hunters off the scent.

Ready To Tackle Emergencies

A lively, practical Lancashire woman in her fifties, Alma McKay began taking stage boarders six years ago. Her visitors book contains the signatures of Fay Compton, A. E. Matthews, Tessie O'Shea, Jack Jackson and Joy Nichols, and includes old-timers like Ella Shields as well as present favourites such as Michael Bentine, Peter Sellars, Judy Carson and Adelaide Hall.

Between two hundred and three hundred theatricals stay with her each year, and she has to be ready to tackle emergencies. When artists are worrying about their acts she discusses their troubles with them. Four years ago a young couple, Ernest and his dancing partner, Gloria, arrived at the digs before their first appearance at Manchester Hippodrome. During the evening meal, Mrs. McKay saw that they were nervous, and she waited up for them after their first night in the show.

Two nights later Ernest brought Gloria back to the digs hardly able to walk. She had strained her back on stage, but, although in great pain, she had managed to finish the act. Alma McKay helped to carry her upstairs and put her to bed. When she suggested calling a doctor, Gloria burst into tears. Mrs. McKay found that the dancers were short of money and would lose a week's wages if Gloria was unable to continue. "If you can help me this week I'll go straight to hospital when we close," Gloria said.

Superstitious About Green

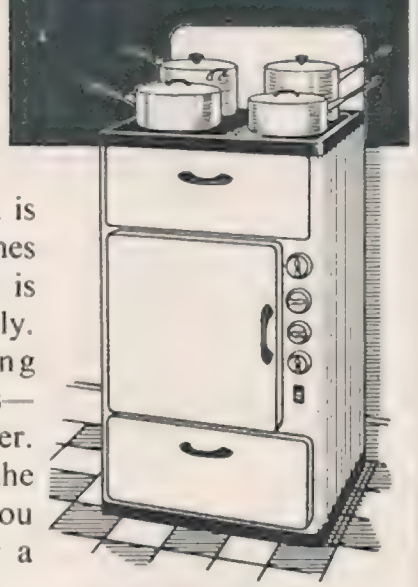
Mrs. McKay made hot poultices and applied them to the girl's back during the day and on her return from the theatre. She helped to dress her and carry her to a waiting car. As there were other guests to be given meals, she often had to heat the poultices between courses, and hurry upstairs and apply them without wasting a moment.

Alma McKay tries to make her guests feel at home. When one actress mentioned that she was superstitious about green, Mrs. McKay redecorated her bedrooms in blue and rose. To provide atmosphere for Peter Graves when he was at Manchester in a Regency play, she repapered his room in red and white Regency-striped wallpaper.

Some years ago, she was puzzled to find a set of china dogs she had put in one of the bedrooms pushed out of sight at the back of a

Members of Sadler's Wells opera company arrive at Alma McKay's. To please an actress who hated green, Mrs. McKay redecorated all her bedrooms

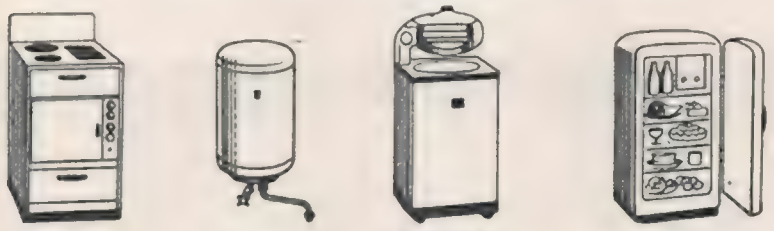
That's life with an ELECTRIC COOKER



The oven roasts evenly, meat is tender and juicier; pastry comes out as it should. The grill is large and heats all over, evenly. Simmering gently, boiling fiercely, baking like a genius—it's all one to an electric cooker. The cooker is clean and the kitchen keeps clean too. You can do a lot of cooking for a very little cash.

One of the Four Foundations of Modern Living

See the Four Foundations of Modern Living at your Electricity Service Centre



ELECTRIC COOKER | ELECTRIC WATER HEATER | ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE | ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Keep in touch with all the latest work-saving ideas for the home by visiting your Electricity Service Centre. Ask there for the new free book, "Life with Electricity". Or write for a copy to the Electrical Development Association, 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

"That one was perfect. This is the one that needs mending"

drawer; she returned them to their place on the mantelpiece. Later, downstairs, she discovered that three carved miniature elephants had disappeared. She was searching for them when Tessie O'Shea's pianist came downstairs, carrying the china dogs wrapped in a handkerchief.

"Please hide these," he begged. "Miniature animals are frightfully unlucky. I can't stay in a room with them." Mrs. McKay found he had hidden the elephants at the back of a cupboard.

A few months ago, Tessie O'Shea and her party were again in Manchester and the same pianist booked a room at Mrs. McKay's theatrical boarding house. This time, before he arrived, she toured every room and hid away all her china animals.

At times, her desire to help her guests brings trouble. One Christmas, a pantomime principal boy brought her mother—who weighed twenty stone—to stay with her at Mrs. McKay's. "The mother was in bed for two months, crippled with lumbago and unable to be moved. I had to take her meals up every day."

Landladies who specialize in theatrical bookings find that close contact with people in show business involves them daily in odd situations.

"They are not like ordinary people, and they rarely come down to earth," says Mrs. McKay. "But there is never a dull moment when they are in the house."

She has learned that people in show business are hopelessly impractical over everyday matters. Two years ago, a young acrobat gave her his life's savings to look after. She had to remind him about the money when, after an affectionate farewell, he was about to leave on his way to an engagement in Bristol.

Left His Best Suit

Before guests book out she asks them: "Have you forgotten anything?"—but they have left behind articles ranging from an actress's jewellery to a tin box containing a ventriloquist's false teeth.

A few years ago, Michael Bentine telephoned her from London to ask if she had found a script he had left behind. "I've sent it on," said Mrs. McKay, "with your best suit which you left hanging in the wardrobe."

Because she knows how forgetful her guests can be, she rarely forwards belongings until the owners have sent her the cost of registered postage. "I'd have no money left otherwise."

After writing to the ventriloquist for postage to cover the return of his tin box, she waited for several weeks in vain for a reply. "I had to write twice more before he claimed the teeth. He said he was too busy with theatre engagements to buy a postal order."

Eight years ago, when she began helping her mother-in-law to run theatrical "digs" in Ardwick Road, Manchester, Alma McKay found she had a flair for making friends easily with people in show business. Tessie O'Shea suggested she should set aside rooms in her house in Daisy Avenue for guests, and became her first theatrical boarder.

In 1952, Mrs. McKay converted an adjoining house into a separate wing with accommodation for ten guests. Her bookings cover variety artists low on the bill and top-liners who stay in theatrical boarding houses to save money on provincial tours.

Meals At Midnight

She charges £4 14s. a week for full board. "Sometimes I may have only two guests a week," she says. "I try to keep it a one-woman business and don't employ staff, but like any other business it must pay its way."

She knows what food her guests like. "One landlady lost the custom of a troupe of acrobats by serving a three-course dinner before the theatre. Acrobats and trapeze artists work on empty stomachs and have their main meal at midnight."

Recently, she provided a slimming diet for an overweight actress, and milk dishes for a musical director with ulcers. She had to reduce her food portions when Buster Shaver and his American troupe of Lilliputians stayed with her two years ago. The Lilliputians—two diminutive brothers and a sister—could eat only a few teaspoonfuls of food at a sitting.

They caused her to make her biggest readjustments in boarding house routine. Shy and sensitive by nature, they were reluctant to go for walks. They sat unhappily in the lounge, waiting until a car arrived to take them to the theatre for performances.

Mrs. McKay learned that the midgets liked knitting, but had no materials with them. She took them on a shopping expedition, and helped them to select wool and needles. Delighted, the girl midget then confided her main problem. She was sensitive about having her undersize clothes washed at the theatre, but she could not manage the job herself.

"I realized how fastidious she was," says Mrs. McKay. "I made an exception to my rules and washed her clothes myself." THE END

RIVER OF FLAME

Continued from page 21

he would hit the full current of the flood while he was still in that narrow snake-back channel. Handling a six-thousand-ton freighter in a twisting mill-race would mean an unnecessary risk. The pilot would probably veto it, anyway.

The pilot? As long as he had the pilot on board, he wouldn't actually be in full command. Yes, technically he would be—a pilot didn't relieve the master of his responsibility—but still, it was a point in his favour.

The mocking challenge in Duffy's questioning grin forced him on. "Call the pilot, Mr. Duffy. If he agrees, we'll sail at five. Post the board. Single your lines as soon as the stevedores are off. We'll finish battening down and clearing the gear under way."

"Shall I take the bow, sir?"

McDade felt himself trapped. The bow was the chief mate's station in leaving a dock. If he agreed to Duffy's suggestion, it was almost equivalent to an on-the-spot promotion. "Very well, Mr. Duffy, take the bow—as a temporary assignment, of course."

The glance that the second mate shot back as he went out the door was only an eye flash, but it hung in his mind. Duffy knew that he was bluffing—that there had been no message from New York. Of course, he knew. Everyone knew that Sparks hadn't stepped out of the radio shack in two hours.

WALKING to the wing of the bridge, John McDade could no longer avoid recognition of his too-taut nerves. Glancing right and left to assure himself that he was not watched, he gauged the width of the river where the turn had to be made. It would be a tight squeeze, with no margin for error. Duffy would be watching him, hoping that he would foul up.

A shadow crossed the corner of his vision. It was the Venezuelan pilot entering the wheelhouse. John McDade's mind grasped at a forgotten fact. It was the pilot's job to get him away from the dock. There was nothing to worry about; the pilot had done it a hundred times—bigger ships than the Carubique. Why was he letting his nerves get him down?

Grimly, setting a forced smile, John McDade walked back into the wheelhouse. The pilot turned slowly after he was greeted, but his face gave no hint of his attitude.

"Do you agree that a five o'clock departure is satisfactory?" McDade asked, courting the half-hope that the pilot would shake his head.

But the pilot nodded in agreement and turned to watch the passing of a tide-borne lumber craft.

McDade walked aft, checking the situation from the back rail of the bridge deck. The cargo was off and the stevedores were starting to cover the hatch. One of the stern lines was already coming in and being faked down on the fantail. It was eighteen minutes to five. In eighteen minutes he would be committed beyond escape. If there were no message from New York—but there had to be a message.

He circled the deckhouse and passed the radio shack. Sparks was still standing watch. He returned to the bridge, tried to find assurance in the chart, but there was almost no detail for the river, only its twisting outline with a few scattered soundings.

Tense, fumbling through the rack behind the chart table, he found the right volume of the *Coast Pilot*, thumbing through until he located the page, tracing his fingers down the small-type column.

". . . strong currents are created in the river by tidal movements extending far inland and masters are warned of the necessity of proceeding with extreme caution. Even with the best of local pilots the passage of the river must be regarded as hazardous for large vessels."

He glanced up to see the pilot watching him from across the bridge. Escaping to his stateroom, he changed shirts again, but before the last button was fastened perspiration had begun to blacken its fresh greyness.

A quartermaster was standing by at the wheel when he returned to the bridge. From the dockside wing, he saw that the lines were singled. Cross was at the stern, Duffy at the bow.

McDade turned back, trying to keep his eyes away from the radio shack. Crockett, the junior third, had appeared. He was a little gnome of an old man with a body like a battered keg, his hard-squinted eyes a reminder that he had been the master of a blue-water vessel when John McDade had still been sailing toy ships in a bath-tub. Crockett stood with the log note-book in his gnarled hands, his eyes significantly on the engine-room telegraph.

Startled, McDade realized that he had forgotten to ring "Stand by." He ordered it now, trying to make himself believe that his voice sounded casual. Inwardly, he faced the fear that he was fooling no one. Even the A.B. at the wheel was watching him with questioning eyes.

Two bells rang. Instantly, almost as an act beyond volition, he heard himself command: "Ring slow ahead, Mr. Crockett."

The presence of the pilot did nothing to ease the tension of the next few minutes. The orders were the pilot's, but the responsibility for the ship was still his own. His command lay in the power of veto, but to exercise it meant a serious risk.

Slowly, the Carubique came round, pivoting on the cluster of pilings at the end of the dock. Then she moved out. Almost broadside to the stream, the pilot ordered right rudder and half speed ahead.

Hesitant, his mind torn, John McDade couldn't escape the conviction that the pilot had underestimated the ship's turning radius. The unladen hull was riding high, the propeller getting only a half-bite on the water.

"Full speed ahead," he said, changing the order. He saw the pilot's lips twist in an annoyed scowl, but Crockett, glancing at him after he had thrown the telegraph lever, gave him a quick nod of approval.

What happened confirmed the soundness of the changed order. Even with the sharper turn, the Carubique's bow brushed the out-hanging branches of the far shore and came away festooned with a tangle of vines. No harm had been done. Now, free and clear, the Carubique swung square away for the run down the river.

Confidence swept through McDade's mind. He could trust himself, and Crockett trusted him. So did the helmsman, who now glanced at him for confirmation before he executed every change of course that the pilot, disdaining English speech, chalked on the board.

THEN, suddenly, his sense of well-being was snatched away. Glancing ahead, he had caught sight of Duffy, who was directing two seamen in clearing the tangle of greenery from the Carubique's bow. The upthrust of his jaw as he looked back towards the bridge expressed a clear opinion. Duffy was obviously blaming him for the pilot's lubberly fumble.

Resolutely, McDade fought back the rise of anger. They were sliding along through virgin jungle now, the black water of the river no lighter than a dirty amber even when the low sun caught it in the bubbling wake. They had passed the last palm-thatched hut in the little settlement below the wharf and there was no sign of human habitation except an incongruously fresh-painted navigation marker on a piling near the shore. He noted the number, checked his watch for the time, and started for the chartroom.

Duffy was there ahead of him, bending over the chart.

"Marker twenty-two at five thirty-seven, Mr. Duffy."

The second mate didn't look, silently using his pencil as a pointer to indicate that the entry had already been made.

There was a limit to McDade's capacity for the suppression of anger, and now, clamping his lean jaws, he

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

Providing superior acceleration with greater fuel economy, and demanding less routine attention, electric and diesel locomotives are taking over from steam in many lands. ENGLISH ELECTRIC has supplied such locomotives to 29 countries —carrying out, in many of them, complete railway electrification schemes. In every case, design and construction take full account of local conditions and particular technical and traffic requirements.

bringing you

These modern locomotives bring cleaner and more comfortable travel, faster goods and passenger services. In Spain, electric locomotives powered by ENGLISH ELECTRIC are hauling heavy trains at higher speeds over the Cantabrian mountains, on lines noted for their gradients, curves and tunnels. Helping to improve the railways of many nations is only one of this busy Company's contributions to better living in the modern world.

better living

The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

NOW—
A SPECIAL WINTER PETROL!

from Britain's newest refinery

DOUBLE POWERED

WINTER

Mobilgas SPECIAL

• QUICKER VAPORIZING
∴ QUICKER STARTING
∴ LEAST USE OF CHOKE
∴ LESS ENGINE WEAR
∴ LONGER LIFE FOR YOUR CAR AND MORE MILES PER GALLON

—and of course, **FREEDOM FROM CARBURETTOR ICING TROUBLES**

—pioneered by Mobilgas

Because the rapid vaporizing of petrol has a 'refrigerating' effect, the inside of your carburettor may be as much as 30°F. colder than the air outside. Hence ice may form in it—even on mild days, if the air is damp. No wonder many cars in Britain suffer from carburettor icing troubles such as cold stalling, or sudden power loss! An exclusive additive in Mobilgas Special controls icing trouble by preventing ice from sticking to the surfaces in your carburettor.

A TUNE-UP IN EVERY TANKFUL

☆ *FOR YOUR WINTER OIL CHANGE—USE MOBILOIL ARCTIC*

or Mobiloil A if recommended for your engine

knew that he was dangerously close to the limit. Duffy was fighting him at every turn, trying to prove that he was incompetent, that he had no right to command. Duffy had purposefully goaded him into sailing against orders. But why? Duffy hardly knew him. This was their first voyage together.

Unguided, John McDade's feet carried him back and forth across the bridge, pacing the width of the wheelhouse. The jungle walls were closing in as the river narrowed, and the air was filled with the raucous squawking of thousands of parrots coming in to their night roosts. Along the shore line, the band of exposed roots and mucky earth had ceased to widen. The tide was dead low. Before long, it would turn and they would be bucking the mill-race current of the flood. Another hour and they would drop the pilot.

Safe from observation, John McDade drew his underlip through his teeth, blanching its colour. If there was no word from New York by then, he would have no choice; he would be forced to anchor. He wouldn't dare go on after he had dropped the pilot. He would have to admit to Duffy that he wasn't the master of the Carubique—admit it to the whole crew. Everyone would know it. It would be waterfront gossip in every port, on every sea, in every shipping office. He would be blocked for ever; go on sailing as chief mate for the rest of his life. No, not for the rest of his life; only until some young squirt like Duffy came along and pushed him out of it. Then he'd start downhill.

"Your dinner, sir?" the steward's voice asked behind him. "Will you have it in the saloon or——"

"No dinner," he said.

Turning, he was caught in the trap of Duffy's eyes, accusing him of anxiety and tension.

"Steward, wait. I will eat. Serve it—" He hesitated and then, goaded by Duffy's cool grin, said quietly: "Serve my dinner in the captain's quarters."

He ate at a corner of the big table in the captain's office, his eyes on the door that opened to the bridge, his body sensitized to the movement of the ship.

HALFWAY through his hurried meal, he felt the faint tremor of the vessel as she met the bore of the upcoming tide. He was on the bridge in three quick strides.

"There's your tide, Mr. Duffy. Speed up ten revolutions."

The second mate, tongue in cheek, flipped a thumb towards the pilot and nodded at the revolution indicator. The order had already been given and executed.

Facing his dinner plate again, John McDade gripped the edge of the table and tried to hang on to his control. The whistle blasted. He reacted subconsciously, moving so fast that he was on the bridge before he heard behind him the clatter of the chair that he had knocked over.

Duffy and the pilot stood together at the window, calmly looking ahead. The whistle blast had been only a routine warning as they approached a sharp turn in the river.

"Anything wrong, sir?" Duffy asked with pseudo-concern, tongue in cheek.

The ship was turning to the pilot's order and the lights of the refinery began to show along the left shore. The pilot had set a course close to the opposite bank, obviously avoiding the full thrust of the current.

Downstream, McDade saw a single white light low in the water, the stern light of a vessel proceeding down the river, and he guessed that it was a tanker that had just left the refinery dock.

She was hugging the left bank, deep-laden and moving slowly. The Carubique was overtaking her.

The pilot held up two fingers, and Duffy, his hand already on the cord, blew a two-blast signal. But there was no acknowledgement from the other ship.

The pilot shifted nervously and McDade quickly shared his concern. The tanker seemed to be acting queerly. For a moment, she appeared to stop. Then, strangely, her deckhouse lights began to show. She was turning, heading out into the stream on a course that would make collision almost inevitable. The pilot shouted a Spanish phrase and, simultaneously, McDade blew a three-blast warning as Duffy swung the telegraph arm to full speed astern.

Suddenly, a great tongue of fire swept out from the tanker's side, silhouetting the low black hull. Then, as if that first flame had been but the fuse for a greater conflagration, an enormous ball of smoke and fire burst through the tanker's deck, splitting the hull as if it were an exploding shell, spewing burning oil into the river.

A scream broke from the pilot's lips and his hands flew up, covering his eyes in the paralysis of helpless terror.

For one breath-held moment, McDade felt his own brain shocked into insensitivity. Instinctively, even before he had completely recovered the power of ordered thought, he commanded: "Left rudder! Emergency hard over!"

DUFFY'S urgent stare pulled him up. Of course! Duffy had warned him that the rudder might jam if thrown hard over. His hand flashed out to stop the helmsman before the turning wheel sent the rudder hard against its stops.

He caught the wheel in time. But, as his mind cleared, there was the even more terrifying realization that his order was driving him towards a danger far worse than a jammed rudder. Instinct had made him try to escape with a quick turn back up the river. Now it was plain that the turn couldn't be made fast enough. Before the Carubique could get around, the flood of the tide would engulf the ship in a sea of burning oil and the blazing tanker would come crashing down upon her.

The tanker was swinging with the current. Soon the blazing hull would completely block the river. The one last hope was that the Carubique might still slip through the fast-narrowing gap between the tanker's bow and the shore.

The engine-room telephone was already in his hand. "Full ahead! Emergency! Everything you've got!"

It seemed an eternity before the Carubique began to answer her helm. But, finally, her bow did swing back towards the shore, and the jungle, fire-lit brighter than day, started to slip past. There was only one clear glimpse of the closing water gap before the black cloud closed in. . . .

John McDade never knew the exact moment that they slipped through to safety, only that finally there was open sky ahead and that the blazing inferno was safely astern. Shattered glass from windows that had been broken by the heat littered the bridge deck, and the wheelhouse was rank with the stench of burning oil and blistered paint.

A voice awakened him from the nightmare. "Ring slow ahead." He realized then that it was his own voice.

"Slow ahead it is, sir."

Blinking his smoke-burned eyes, he saw that it was Crockett who stood by the engine-room telegraph. Duffy had disappeared, but the stab of his accusing eyes was everywhere, burned into his consciousness as the indelible caste mark of those who were unfit to command.

The lights of a launch bobbed against the black water below, and John McDade realized, as if it were the remembrance of a dream, why he had given the order to slow the ship. The boat was coming to pick up the pilot.

Crockett cleared his throat. "I'm hoping, sir, you ain't holding it against the pilot too much—his folding up on you the way he did. There ain't one man in a million that could of took it the way you did—cold as ice. If you don't mind my saying it, sir, praise God it was you we had for our skipper tonight."

Cold as ice? Inwardly John McDade writhed against the torture of undeserved praise. Crockett didn't know

the terrible error that he had made, the fumbling, the hesitation, how close he had been to disaster. Only luck had brought them through—and luck could never erase that look he had seen in Duffy's eyes. Yes, Duffy knew that he didn't have what it took to be a master—and Fleming knew it, too. Fleming had known it all along. That's why he had never given him command, why he never would.

"Pilot's off and all clear," Crockett reported.

"Stand by to anchor, Mr. Crockett," he said, his voice calm with acceptance of final defeat. "Where's Mr. Duffy?"

"Standing by the bow as you ordered, sir," Crockett replied.

McDade tried to blink away the burning gaze in his eyes. Had he really given that order to Duffy?

"Beg pardon, sir," Crockett said hesitantly, "but if you're anchoring so as to lend a hand, there's no need for it, sir. Half the refinery crew's down on the shore now and, anyway, I'm figuring all them lads got away. Low as she was in the water, they could easy enough jump to the raft, and that's what they did. You know that's what blew her up, don't you, sir? Ramming one of them lumber rafts that was tied along the shore."

JOHN MCDADE walked to the wing, looking aft. What he saw through the jagged outline of a broken window pane confirmed Crockett's report. The shore was alive with men. The white ambulance stood waiting, unneeded.

"Stand by to anchor, Mr. Crockett," he repeated. There was no need to explain why he was anchoring. Crockett would know soon enough. The whole ship would soon know.

A hand touched his shoulder and, thinking that it was Crockett again, he didn't turn for a moment.

"Message for you, sir."

He wheeled. It was Sparks.

"Sorry, sir, it just came through. There was a delay in transmission—not my fault, sir."

"All right, Sparks," he said, taking the paper with a leaden arm, making no move to unfold it, bracing himself. Cold as ice—yes, that's the way he felt now. He knew. There was something you had to have to be a master, and he didn't have it. He'd fooled himself long enough; now he had to face it.

He unfolded the message, making out the words in the dull glow of the blue deck light.

JOHN MCDADE

SS CARUBIQUE

YOU ASSIGNED PERMANENT MASTER CARUBIQUE FULL CONFIDENCE YOU WILL CONTINUE YOUR OUTSTANDING RECORD STOP AUTHORIZE ADVANCEMENT DUFFY TO CHIEF MATE IF YOU AGREE STOP NEW SECOND MATE WILL JOIN YOU SAN JUAN BEST OF LUCK FLEMING.

He stepped to the door of the wheelhouse, standing very tall and straight.

"Very well, Mr. Crockett, we'll not anchor. Half speed ahead and hold for the sea."

There was a twinkle of satisfaction in the old man's eyes. "Shall I call Mr. Duffy, sir?"

"Yes, ask him to come to the bridge, please."

He stood at the window, looking forward, watching Duffy as he took the call on the lookout's telephone.

The second mate's face was lost in the darkness, but the shift of his silhouette against the loom of sky revealed the quick glance that he sent back towards the bridge.

AUTHORIZE ADVANCEMENT DUFFY TO CHIEF MATE IF YOU AGREE. . . . If he agreed. . . .

Did he agree? A smile softened Captain McDade's lips. Duffy was an efficient officer. He was young and brash, but he'd get over that. McDade meant to see that he got over that. With six or seven years under the right kind of skippers, he'd probably be top chief mate of the line. Someday, with a little luck, Duffy might make a great captain. THE END

for radio that is truly modern— choose

ALBA

MODEL 3112. **Always in the fashion, Alba introduce a new radio receiver housed in a two-tone veneered cabinet specially designed to match contemporary furniture. At the same time it is tasteful and moderate enough to fit in with any other style of furnishing.**

Neat and compact with built-in aerial, this receiver gives a really fine performance. It is a 5-valve superhet with three wavebands for a generous selection of programmes. It has pick-up sockets. It operates on standard AC and DC mains, adjustable down to 100 volts if required.

17 gns. *or obtainable by attractive hire purchase terms.*

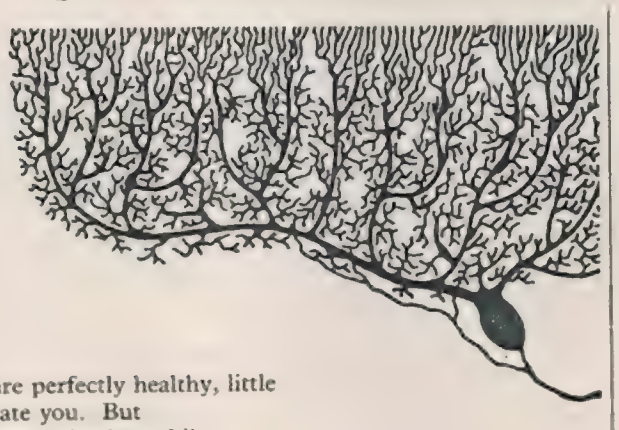
★ *There are a selected number of Alba dealers in each district and it will be well worth while finding your nearest to make sure of seeing and hearing the new Alba models.*

ALBA Tunable T/V -worth seeing!

Illustrated literature on application to:

ALBA RADIO, (Dept. JB/1), 52-58 TABERNACLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2

Irritability and your nerves



This detailed illustration shows the complex network into which a nerve fibre splits in the brain.

NORMALLY, if you are perfectly healthy, little things should not irritate you. But when your "nerves" start behaving oddly, even the sweetest natured person can turn irritable and bad-tempered. Probably you blame yourself. But the truth is that it is not you, but your nerves that are usually at fault.

How Sanatogen works

THE key points in the human nervous system are the nerve cells. If these cells do not receive enough protein and phosphorus they "starve", upsetting the entire nervous mechanism. To such cells Sanatogen feeds large amounts of concentrated protein, together with essential phosphorus. By activating nerve cells in this manner Sanatogen has a profound effect on the whole nervous structure, and helps to develop a normal, strong, stable nervous network.

Medically recommended

SANATOGEN is fully recommended by the medical profession and widely used by doctors here and abroad. No other preparation gives you what Sanatogen contains, and clinical trials under medical supervision have shown that Sanatogen makes an extraordinary difference to one's health. You must try Sanatogen yourself.

For all forms of "nerves"

"NERVES" may take many forms — sleeplessness, depression, excessive worrying, irritability, lack of energy, continual tiredness, "run down" conditions, even indigestion. By building up your nervous strength Sanatogen helps you back to full health.

From 6/11. Economical family-size jar available.

Sanatogen

THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC

The word 'Sanatogen' is a regd. trade mark of Genatosan Limited, Loughborough, Leics.

Mother—protect your children against all risk of head troubles

A fortnightly application of SULEO Hair Emulsion will completely protect your child.

When "unwelcome strangers" are discovered, all members of the family should use SULEO to prevent the condition spreading.

SULEO hair emulsion

Obtainable from all Chemists, in bottles sufficient for six treatments at 2/-.

A JEYES' PRODUCT

For warmth without weight see that your Raincoat is

TROPALINED

MISS CHERRY SAYS . . .

Continued from page 17

that Chatterbush is very good. She says so."

"She must be a very silly woman."

"She is a bit weak, actually. We rag her a bit."

"I expect she asks for it. Anyway, what is this essay about?"

"The causes of the French Revolution. Do you know much about it, Uncle Oliver?"

Oliver gazed modestly at the fattest volume on the shelf. "Just a little," he said. "All right. You write. I'll dictate."

He sat back and the fine phrases flowed. "The causes of the French Revolution are as old as man himself. They are neither economic nor political nor purely social. . . ."

"I suppose," Daphne said doubtfully, as she ruled a smudgy line under the completed opus, "it all *means* something?"

"It means a great deal. Some day you must read my book about it."

IT was Sunday afternoon before the matter was raised again. Oliver, remembering it, said: "Did you give that essay in?"

Daphne, curled in her chair, looked up from her book with some embarrassment. "Yes, we've got it back."

"Let me see it."

His first reaction was to notice that a great deal of red ink had been expended on the marking of the essay. From instinct ingrained from his own schooldays, he looked with lively interest for the mark. He found it.

"Six!" he ejaculated. "Six out of ten! Only sixty per cent!"

"That's right. I don't think Miss Cherry liked it very much." Daphne pointed to the not inconsiderable contribution to the subject which Miss Cherry had subscribed on her own account. "Look what she's written there."

Oliver was already reading it. "*Why have you not used Chatterbush? Vague ideas are no good if you do not trouble to find out the essential facts. I hope you will do better next time.*"

Oliver read in stunned disbelief. Then, as anger superseded amazement, he gave tongue. "The woman's a raving lunatic!" He sat upright in his chair. The mellow Sabbatical calm of the afternoon was quite gone. "Writing-paper!" he barked at Daphne. "And an envelope!"

When he had finished writing, he slammed the flap of the envelope down and sealed it with a blow of his fist.

"Take this to Miss Cherry," he said. "Tomorrow. At the first opportunity. Oh, and when will you have another history essay to write?"

Daphne hesitated and wriggled. "We've got one now," she confessed. "I wasn't going to bother you with it."

"What's it about this time?"

"It's called 'Account for the rise to power of Napoleon I.'"

Oliver stumped across to the bookcase and withdrew from the top shelf his own admirable *A Country and a Crisis*. "Chapter Six," he said, "will tell you everything you want to know. Read it and summarize it."

"Yes, Uncle Oliver."

On Wednesday, Daphne brought home the reply to his note. It said:

"Dear Mr. Freeman,

I have received your note about Daphne's essay on the causes of the French Revolution. I recognize that you have a distinguished record in historical research, but I would remind you that I also am an Honours graduate of Oxford and a trained and experienced teacher. In short, I know what I am doing. I shall be greatly obliged if you will allow me to teach in my own way.

Yours truly,

Louise Cherry.

PS.—I have just read Daphne's(?) essay on the rise of Napoleon Bonaparte. You will be interested to know that I have told her to rewrite it, using the sources which I recommended to the form."

Oliver counted ten slowly before he spoke. "I will trouble you," he said very quietly, "for some more paper and another envelope."

He had not entirely regained his composure at the weekend, and it took the fortunate arrival of the proofs of his latest work, a brilliant little monograph on Castlereagh, to smooth his ruffled feelings. Lulled into complacency by his own limpid prose style, he was reading them on Saturday morning when his mother entered his study.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, dear——"

Oliver looked up. "That's quite all right, Mother. It isn't lunch time already, is it?"

"No, dear. But there's a visitor for you. A Miss Cherry."

Oliver flung down his proofs and propelled himself to his feet. "Have her in!" he cried. "Bring her right up!"

He planted himself before the fireplace, and attempted to look formidable. This, he told himself, was no time for a polite and chivalrous approach. Woman or not, Miss Cherry was a bad historian, and as such she must be utterly routed.

Her appearance was a surprise. For even if she happened to be a bad historian, she was an uncommonly pretty woman. And young, too. That was surprising. Middle twenties, at the most. . . .

"I hope," she said coolly, "that I'm not interrupting anything?"

"No, no. Nothing. Please sit down." She was certainly not at all what he had expected. Her clothes were admirable, too: the little pink hat and the neat cornflower-blue suit complemented each other to perfection.

She sat down with considerable poise. "You will forgive me for calling like this?"

"Certainly. Yes. Of course," said Oliver. He had begun to goggle slightly. A disconcertingly steady pair of grey eyes held him gravely and attentively.

It occurred to Oliver that this enemy was going to take a good deal of routing. Indeed, it was difficult, now that they were face to face, to realize that they were enemies at all. "I may have said some things I shouldn't have done," he said, his resolution weakening. "Will you have some sherry?"

"Thank you."

He handed her a glass. "Cheers."

"Cheers by all means," said Miss Cherry, "but it's no use, you know. Pretending we're friends. We're not."

"Oh, my dear Miss Cherry! I merely objected to some of the things you were teaching. And I felt I had reason to. There was nothing personal at all. Chatterbush!"

"Chatterbush is very sound."

OLIVER looked away. "A woman who believes that," he said stoutly, "is a woman who believes that history ended with Lord Acton!"

Miss Cherry's eyes grew colder. "I certainly do not believe," she retorted, "that the last word has been said by Oliver Freeman, at least!"

Oliver winced, but said nothing.

"I'm sorry," Miss Cherry said presently. "I didn't come here to be rude to you. I came to ask a favour." She drank up her sherry and put down her glass. "Mr. Freeman," she said, suddenly and apparently tangentially, "you never taught history to a class of girls, perhaps?"

"God forbid!"

"Quite." Miss Cherry's voice suddenly changed. "It's hell!"

Oliver was shocked into concern. "Miss Cherry!"

"I'm sorry." She took a handkerchief from her bag and Oliver realized with horror that she was on the brink of tears.

He crossed to her, helpless. "If there's anything I can do. . . ."

She put her handkerchief away. "I shouldn't have let myself go like that." She seemed much less sophisticated now, very young, very tender and very feminine. "Honestly, Mr. Freeman, teaching history to girls—these girls—is just murder. They don't like history and they don't like me."

"Daphne did say," Oliver recalled, "that they ragged you."

"It was all I could do to keep on

Home to that good meal they need!

" Jim looked out of sorts when he came in last Friday. ' Sandwich lunch ' I thought to myself and fled to the kitchen, telling young Roy to keep quiet. Of course that didn't stop him sliding downstairs on a tea tray ! ' Dinner's nearly ready ' I shouted before Jim could say, or do, anything to Roy. Then Mary had to come in . . . ' I didn't get that rise '. Roy started up the stairs again. Something *had* to be done. I banged the gong HARD ! Rushed in four helpings of chops, potatoes, and Batchelors Peas. Soon Jim forgot about Roy and his tea tray. Mary stopped looking blue. Amazing what a good meal can do ! And don't they love those Batchelors ! "

4 out of 6 women know how to make a good meal wonderful

Good day or bad day, every family *must* have a good meal at the end of it. Mother, who usually has the toughest day of the lot, will see they get it. Dinner is served ! And so are the Batchelors Peas — the peas 4 out of 6 women prefer.* (They're *always* nicer !)

Batchelors PEAS

make a good meal **WONDERFUL**

* *A nation-wide survey showed that of all women who named their favourite brand of peas, 4 out of 6 named Batchelors.*

BPP47/80

All action, no waste! Gibbs in a tin, unlike toothpaste in a tube, does not contain extra ingredients just to make it "squeezable". Virtually all of Gibbs is gentle-action cleanser that attacks germs, removes film, keeps your teeth clean and sparkling white, your mouth healthy and refreshed.

A little Gibbs equals a lot of toothpaste! With *concentrated* Gibbs you can clean your teeth twice a day for as little as 1d. a week.

Gibbs with Chlorophyll, too! Ask for it by name: *Gibbs Chlorophyll Dentifrice*. Look for the immaculate white tin.

NO WONDER
MORE FAMILIES
USE
GIBBS
THAN ANY
TOOTHPASTE

GD/365/541

GUARD THROAT & CHEST soothe away soreness!

At the first sign of a tickling throat, pop in a warming, comforting Kilkof Kone.

with
KILKOF KONES
7D a packet
PLEASANT TASTING PASTILLES

top of them. And then you wrote those letters and Daphne showed them all round the form before she gave them to me. They all know what you said to me. And Daphne tells them the things you've said to her about me."

"But she's no right to do that!"

"The fact is that she did—and from you of all people! The girls think you're marvellous."

"They—*what?*" Oliver received the information in stunned astonishment.

"Daphne's told them all about your being a rugger blue, and they worship you. If you say my history's rubbish, they believe you. They won't listen to me at all now."

"I can't believe it! It's fantastic!"

"It's perfectly true. And all I want to ask you is—please don't make things any worse for me!"

Oliver pushed his hand through his hair. "That," he said warmly, "I can certainly promise. I'd no idea—I mean, as far as I was concerned, it was a purely academic argument between ourselves. If I'd thought——"

"I quite understand." Miss Cherry rose to her feet.

"You must have some more sherry—stay to lunch——"

"No, thank you. I must go."

"If you wish, then."

Attentively, Oliver showed her out and watched her walk to the corner of the street. Even in his disturbed frame of mind, he realized that this was a very agreeable way of passing anybody's time.

It was at teatime that a possible solution of Miss Cherry's problem occurred to Oliver. "I think," he said suddenly, "we should have a party."

His mother looked at him in amazement. "But you loathe parties!"

"Yes, I know I do. I just feel," Oliver said doggedly, "that we ought to entertain some of Daphne's school friends and get to know them better."

"Ooh, please! It's a terrific idea, Uncle Oliver!"

"Well, if you wish, Oliver. . . ." Mrs. Freeman said.

The party went exactly as Oliver hoped it would, and the day after it, feeling much encouraged by his effort, he sent, this time by the discreet agency of the Royal Mail, a further note to Miss Cherry. It suggested only that Mr. Freeman would be pleased to have the honour of taking Miss Cherry to see an historical play in Midchester. The answer, by return post, gracefully accepted his invitation.

On the Saturday, therefore, Oliver picked up Miss Cherry in his car and they set off. He was quite sure that the cluster of feathers and net perched so delicately on her head was new, and doubtless much too expensive. It gave him considerable pleasure to think that she had honoured the occasion in this way, and he found himself talking to her with a sparkle which was usually only to be found in his more popular pot-boilers.

He hadn't taken a woman out, except his mother, for years. The novelty alone was exhilarating. The novelty and Miss Cherry together were almost intoxicating. But doubtless, he thought, he would soon feel quite normal again.

In that, however, he was wrong. He went through the entire day in this trance-like condition, and they were within five miles of home on the return journey before anything occurred to jerk him back to himself.

It was something Miss Cherry said.

What she said was: "I hope you won't misunderstand me, but I should be most obliged if you could stop the car for a few minutes in a quiet part of the road where we shan't be in the way of the traffic."

"Certainly," said Oliver.

"Now," said Miss Cherry when he had complied with her request, "there's something I want to say. Mr. Freeman, what have you done to my girls? Form IIIa. Last Friday that form was just like it has been ever since you upset it. It was noisy, disorganized and downright insolent. Then on Saturday, I understand, you gave them a party."

"So I did."

"When they returned to school on the Monday, Form IIIa were the most obedient and docile bunch of little girls who ever crowded into a classroom. Every word I said they listened to. You have no idea of the feeling."

"It must have been most gratifying," Oliver said.

But Miss Cherry's reply blasted away any smugness he may have felt. "It was just eerie, Mr. Freeman! It was uncanny. I never felt so uncomfortable in my life. I felt like screaming, they were so quiet! Those girls had been got at—by you!"

Oliver licked his lips cautiously. He recognized the brink of a precipice when he saw one.

"Mr. Freeman, I think I am entitled to know whether or not you said anything about me to those girls."

Oliver ran a finger round the inside of his collar. "Well, yes. Yes, I did. As a matter of fact, I remembered what you'd told me about their thinking I was pretty wonderful because I'd once picked up a blue. It seemed the least I could do was to give you a blue as well. I told them," he went on quickly, seeing Miss Cherry's mouth open, "that when you were up at Oxford you were the captain of the women's hockey team. I told them how you scored two terrific goals in the last ten minutes to win the match against Cambridge. That sort of thing . . ." he ended weakly.

For what seemed a very long time there was no sound at all from Miss Cherry, and then it was only a very faint one which indicated, to Oliver's horror, that she was crying.

"My dear Miss Cherry!"

Protectively, he placed an arm round her shoulder. Her slight shrug was no more than the merest token of resistance, and Oliver's arm remained where it was. "I was only trying to help," he said.

"Help!" Miss Cherry's voice was small, muffled and miserable. "Why do you hate me so?"

"Hate you?" Oliver's tone was agonized.

"What happens," Miss Cherry sniffed, "when they find out I'm not a brilliant hockey player?"

"Well, need they?"

"They're bound to. One of them is sure to look it up in the library. Then they'll all know."

Oliver placed his free hand on hers. The headlights of a car raked them just long enough for Oliver to see the tears sparkle on Miss Cherry's cheeks.

"You don't understand girls—or women!" she said. "That's the weak point of all your books, you know. Your chapters on Josephine and Marie Antoinette are just ludicrous!"

"We'll discuss my books later. We'll stick to you for the present."

"I shall have to leave the district—at once!" she said miserably. "I'll have to look for another job. Probably in some *horrid* school——"

"Listen!" Oliver's voice was suddenly masterful. "You don't like teaching, do you? You haven't the knack—honestly, now, have you?"

"What else can I do?"

Oliver did not rush into a reply. He was aware of being irresistibly propelled by fate, but he was anxious that his progress should be as considered as possible. His arm was still round Miss Cherry's shoulder and his other hand was covering hers.

"I've been thinking for a long time," he said, producing the words like a miser dragging out his hoard, "that I ought to have a secretary. It would have to be someone who knew a lot of history."

"Would—Chatterbush history do?" Miss Cherry's voice crept into the night air like a timid mouse.

"Any old history," Oliver said recklessly, "as long as you'll take the job." A wisp of her hair blew against his cheek. "I think you're right. I want to find out lots more about the feminine angle on history."

The wisp brushed his cheek again, but more insistently now because Miss Cherry had turned her head nearer to his. He drew her closer, and the last remnants of Miss Cherry's troubled scholastic career blew unlamented into the dark without. THE END

Consider your verdict

by

***RUSSELL SCOTT,* LL.B.**

JOHN was a promising young footballer who played for his home town and hoped to turn professional the following season. During one match, he was dribbling the ball through when he was charged by Joe, a member of the opposing team, who had a reputation for playing rough.

In a flash, Joe punched, kicked and tripped John, breaking his ankle. For this deliberate breach of the rules, Joe was sent off the field and later punished by his team manager. The results were tragic for John: his ankle was so badly injured that his prospects in first-class football were ruined. He sued Joe for damages for assault and trespass.

"Football is a lawful sport," Joe told the judge, "and players consent to run the risk of injury and assault involved in the game; that gives them nothing to complain about.

"If the things done to footballers in a match were done to strangers in everyday life, they would have clear grounds for suing for assault—but a footballer consents beforehand and that makes all the difference. I am sorry about John's injury, but it was part of the game."

"Consent to run the risks of the game," retorted John, "only covers risks that are normally incidental to it. If a footballer attacks an opponent with a knife, the victim has certainly not consented to that. Joe made a deliberate and unprovoked attack on me which was neither normal nor accidental. He must pay me damages."

What is your verdict? For the legal position, turn to page 36

CASTLE MINERVA

Continued from page 26

your legs, monsieur. You will not travel well. However, it will not be unendurable."

I said: "The best wines never travel well."

He roared with laughter, was reprimanded about making a noise by Gerard, and then began to screw me down, but I could hear him chuckling to himself.

From my watch, which I checked getting in and getting out, I knew I was in that tin can for two hours, but how far we went or how fast I could not possibly judge. Cooped up there, jolted from side to side in the darkness, I lost all sense of speed or direction. And though I knew it was going to end and I should see daylight again, I found it hard to hold down my claustrophobia. By the time it was over, I was bruised and shaken and a little drunk from the wine fumes.

I think Fargette and Sarrasin must have expected this for when we stopped and they released me, they helped me down to the ground and stood by me, holding an arm each. I shut my eyes against the sunlight and the spinning world, and then cautiously, as things began to steady, I opened them again. The first thing I saw was a magnificent tree covered with purple blossoms. It was like a great fountain, foaming with colour. Although I knew its name, at that moment I could not recall it.

I took a couple of steps forward and my guards released me. The giddiness went rapidly. Looking up above and beyond the tree, I got my first sight of Château Minerve, though it was not for a long time that I knew its name. That morning I got only a jumbled impression of it. It was a yellow-grey plug of towers and battlements, of steep walls cut by narrow windows. It should have had banners flying from its highest tower, and knights and fine ladies strolling across the neat parterres. A gravelled causeway spanned the moat which ran around it; but the moat was dry and full of shrubs and flowering cherry trees.

We went through a large gateway into a courtyard in the centre of which was a well with a large marble statue of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, wearing a helmet and carrying a shield. After crossing the courtyard we went through a door into an enormous hall that echoed to our footsteps like a museum. I noticed suits of armour, old paintings and weapons and a fine stretch of Persian rug.

We went up three floors and stopped in front of a large oak door with a huge lock and two heavy bolts top and bottom. Fargette opened it for me and I stood there, looking across a great room to a wide window which opened on to a rectangle of pale blue sky.

At that moment, from somewhere

THE ARISTOCRAT OF PEPPERMINT CREAMS
Wrapped to keep that subtle flavour
CLARNICO PEPPERMINT CREAMS
CLARNICO WRAPPED PEPPERMINT CREAMS
Clarnico
CLARNICO
It's a wonderful experience to taste these distinguished Clarnico Peppermint Creams. Let your palate linger over their exquisite flavour.
1/6
PER HALF POUND
IN THE GAY
GREEN-STRIPED BOX
Also sold loose
CLARNICO LIMITED, LONDON. Famous for peppermint during six reigns
CVS-250A

SHOE-LIFE STORIES... continued
MY JOB WOULD BE TOO MUCH FOR MY SHOES—BUT FOR PHILLIPS 'STICK-A-SOLES' AND HEELS.
SO THAT'S YOUR SECRET, NURSE! I'VE WONDERED HOW YOU KEEP THEM SO SMART AND NEAT.
YES. GOOD LEATHER SHOES FITTED WITH PHILLIPS-THAT'S THE IDEAL COMBINATION FOR SHOE SMARTNESS AND WEALTH
Take it from me— PHILLIPS double the life of your shoes
Phillips
'STICK-A-SOLES' AND HEELS

"Tired? Of course I am—and thirsty. I've been at this blessed job all the afternoon."

Then what you need, Sir, is a nice long glass of Robinson's Barley Water. The lemon-and-barley* puts paid to your thirst, and the glucose in it helps to renew your energy.

* *It's Robinson's 'Patent' Barley.*

THREE SHILLINGS A BOTTLE
Lemon or Orange

CVS.42

Now you can enjoy
REAL *corned beef again!*

No more 'make-do' now that Libby's is more plentiful, for Libby's is the corned beef, quality famous for over 85 years, with a really rich, satisfying flavour all its own. It provides a meal in a moment that's just full of goodness too. Use Libby's for your Beef Puddings and Stews. It is also delicious sliced cold—with your hot vegetables, with green salads or in sandwiches.

Keep a tin handy

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LTD.,
FORUM HOUSE, 15/16 LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

above us, faint but unmistakable, I heard the sound of a mouth organ. The tune was a favourite one of Jabal's. Something about *frim fram sauce. . . .*

I don't want fish cakes and rye bread.
You heard what I said.
Waiter please serve mine fried.
I want the frim fram sauce. . . .

Sarrasin gave me a little push and said: "Our other guest is very musical." And then I was inside and the door was shut, locked and bolted on me and I heard Fargette laughing.

Château Minerve, except for the fact that I was locked in my room most of the time, might have been a hotel and myself a guest anxious for seclusion and rest. Part of my room had been partitioned off as a bathroom and toilet. There was a four-poster bed with faded silk hangings and a silver-thread counterpane. Over the fireplace was an eighteenth-century bishop in mitre and full canonicals.

At the end of the first day I knew practically every detail of the room from the number of tiles on the floor to the places in the red and gold wallpaper where the pattern had not been properly matched up.

There was only the one window. This I was free to open, but it offered no liberty. The château was perched on the top of a high crag that overlooked a deep river gorge. Below me the walls fell sheer for about sixty feet, and below that there was a steep cliff face for another hundred feet and then a broken, boulder-and-tree-studded slope so sheer that the trees looked as though they had no time for anything but the business of hanging on.

There was not a road or a house to be seen . . . just the dark line of river below and then a sweep of wild mountain country. I could not place my whereabouts at all. For all I knew, we might be over the Spanish border.

Fargette brought me my meals that first day, and Paviot or Sarrasin waited outside in case I tried to jump him. We had no conversation.

During the afternoon Monsieur Gerard came in to check that I had everything I wanted. They had already given me clean linen, shaving gear, some books and a carton of cigarettes. But, most astonishing of all, before he went Gerard produced a bottle of excellent Scotch whisky.

"It is to be hoped, monsieur, you will give no trouble. We do everything we can for you. Please behave, and in the end you will thank us."

I was left wondering what to make of that.

My last meal was brought at five and after that I saw no one. But around six—and I was to notice this in the following days—I heard the sound of a car leaving the château. From six until the morning the place seemed strangely quiet and empty, except for the passage outside my door. I could hear the slight movement and sometimes the breathing of a watcher outside.

At about eleven o'clock on the second morning, Fargette opened the door and tipped his head to me to come out of the room. Paviot was waiting outside.

I said, "What now?"

Fargette, who seemed to have more natural cheerfulness than any of the others, answered, "You are free to take exercise. But, be wise, eh?"

I took him at his word. I was puzzled, but not ungrateful at being allowed to leave my room. I went down the main staircase and across the hall into the courtyard. They followed me, not too closely and not deceiving me by their casual manner.

The courtyard was full of sunshine. As I crossed towards the main gate into the gardens I looked up at the statue of Minerva. I don't know whether it was some trick of sunlight or whether seen from this side it was some vagary in the sculpturing, but she seemed now to have a softer, kinder aspect than at first.

I was almost at the gate when a door banged away on the left. I turned and saw Sophie move quickly across the court towards the hall entrance. She looked at me and then quickly away.

I soon found that some parts of the grounds were closed to me. Sometimes, as I strolled about, either Paviot or Fargette would move up ahead of me or they would call a gentle reprimand. It was all done unhurriedly, almost offhandedly, and anyone watching us would never have guessed that they held hidden gun and knife ready for use if I proved intractable.

There was a little terrace to one side of the château, a stretch of gravel set with iron chairs and tables and overlooking the gorge. We sat down at one of the tables after we had walked around a bit. Paviot rolled himself a cigarette and ignored me, but Fargette was quite ready to talk. I think that first morning we talked mostly about films. He was a great cinemagoer.

Now and again when I got a chance I tried to pump him or slip in a question which might give me something more definite to go on, but he just screwed up his monkey face and pushed his tongue in his cheek.

We had been there about fifteen minutes when there were footsteps on the gravel behind us. I slewed round, and there was Sophie coming towards us with a tray.

She looked fresh and very lovely, in a white lacy blouse, a green skirt, and with a bloom on her bare arms and legs where the sun touched her skin. She set down the tray. Coffee and biscuits. She might have been a waitress and this a high-class country hotel.

Paviot said, "What is for lunch?"

"A cheese soufflé and then cutlets," Sophie replied.

Fargette nodded approvingly, began to pour my coffee and said, "Sophie makes a cheese soufflé like a summer cloud. I taught her how." He touched her on the arm affectionately.

She smiled at him and then, as she turned away, her eyes met mine. It was all I needed. I watched her as she went back to the château, and even in the midst of this confusion and inimical politeness I found myself glad that I was here, near her.

At that moment there was the sound of a mouth-organ. It came from high up, thin and not very clear. I looked up and back to the château and in a few seconds I had picked out Jabal. He was leaning over one of the crenellated battlements of a tower and gazing down at us. Just behind him I thought I could make out the head and shoulders of Sarrasin.

I raised my arm and waved to him, but he made no acknowledgment. Maybe, I told myself, at that distance he did not recognize me, but I did not believe this.

I finished my coffee, trying to fit everything together; the way they were treating me, the château, the whole confused business. I got nowhere.

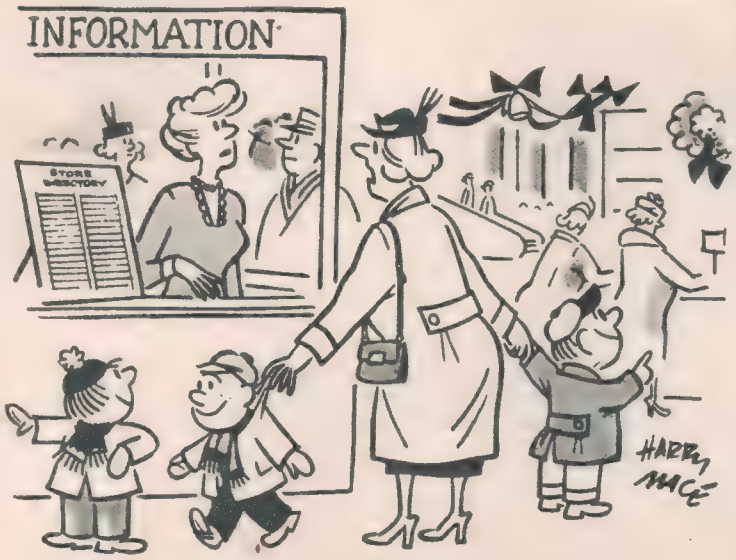
Just before lunch they took me in.

If the morning had been strange so was the afternoon. I lay on my bed most of the time and for about two hours just after lunch the most puzzling noises echoed through the place. They seemed to come from the courtyard. I could hear people laughing, unrestrained, hearty laughter, and after a time I could even pick out the laughs: Sophie's husky but feminine and finishing in a little trickle of sound, Sarrasin's booming away, and occasionally a short, gasping noise that might have been Gerard or Paviot.

And with the laughter came the sound of dogs barking. Again and

Consider your verdict

In the case on page 35, the judge agreed that a player of a sport consents to run the risk of injury and rough treatment incidental to the game. Joe's action, however, was not in this category—he went too far. His deliberate infliction of injury on John made it an assault. Joe had to pay him damages.



"Is there any way to get to Children's Shoes without going through the Toy Department?"

again the barking broke out, excited, frantic.

Then came silence, and then again the laughter and the barking. After a time there was no sound of dogs, but only voices and a persistent *thud, thud,* then silence, then *thud, thud,* then voices and silence again to be broken by more thuds.

At five Paviot brought my evening meal and, without any hope of an answer, I said, "Why don't they let me down to join in the afternoon fun?"

To my surprise, he pulled his knife from his pocket and, with a glance at Fargette who stood by the door, he said, "I wish they would." He laughed, flicked the knife open and ran his finger down the blade. Fargette flapped a hand at him, made an angry sound in his throat, and Paviot put the knife away. Then he picked up my empty tray and was gone.

An hour later I heard the sound of a car starting and then the château was silent, except for the quiet breathing of whoever was on guard outside my door.

It was a long time before I got to sleep that night. I didn't know what it was all about. I decided they had probably rented this château for a hide-out while they held Jabal. But why were they holding me, giving me this quasi-freedom? I knew too much about them to make it safe for them ever to release me. That meant they had to dispose of me. Why not do it right away? And why let me know Jabal was here, even see him? A hundred questions floated in my mind keeping me awake. That they had incriminated me with the police I could see, but after that. . . . Why all this? I had served my purpose.

THE next day did nothing to make it any plainer. I was let out and this time I had Sarrasin and Paviot for guards. I took my stroll, was served with coffee and chocolate biscuits on the terrace, given a short serenade by Jabal—this time it was "Red Sails In The Sunset"—and then back.

That afternoon there was the same hullabaloo from the courtyard and then at six the noise of the car starting, and then silence.

And so it went on. I often contemplated making a break while I was in the garden, but I knew I would not get five yards before I should have a bullet in my leg. It was not that, though, that stopped me—it was Sophie. I could not go without talking to her, without having at least a few moments alone with her.

Day after day I watched for my chance, but I was too well guarded. Then on the morning of the sixth day she came to me.

My door opened and she came in with the breakfast tray. Fargette stood aside for her to pass, then he winked and closed the door. Always before the door had been kept open.

Sophie came across and put the tray down on the table by the window. She took from under her arm a bunch of newspapers and dropped them on to the window seat.

She said: "Papers."

Automatically, I said: "Thank you."

WE stood there looking at one another. I saw the movement of her shoulders and breasts as she breathed and there was something laboured in the rise and fall as though she were conscious of unseen pressures bearing heavily on her.

I looked towards the closed door, thinking of Fargette.

"Fargette is my friend . . ." she said. Then urgently: "Oh, David . . . I had to come."

Already I was reaching for her. "Sophie!" I said softly. My arms were out wide. She came to me and was inside my arms and my hands were in her hair and her body was shaking.

"That first night in the hut," she said. "I couldn't trust myself to look at you——"

I said: "I understood. I never doubted you." And it was true, for deep down there had never been any doubt.

She laid her cheek against mine and after a moment I said: "You never knew they were going to take Jabal?"

"No. Not until it was too late to warn you. I thought it was smuggling."

"What will they do with him?"

"Ransom him to the oil company."

At least that was something; better anyway than selling him back to the regent. It would only be money involved and Jabal would be safe.

"You must get out of this, away from them."

She freed herself from me and I knew what her answer was going to be. She looked as she had done the first time I met her, afraid, held down by her own weakness and fears.

She said: "I can't. Not yet. Believe me, David. You must believe me. Everything will be all right and we shall be together. . . . Nothing can happen so long as they never know what we are to each other. If they knew, they would never trust me. They have so much at stake."

"Fargette knows you are here."

"He is my one friend. I trust him."

"And me—what happens to me? You must help me to escape."

"No . . . no . . . that would do no good."

I looked at her, not understanding. "Sophie, I must get out! And you must go, too."

"No, David." She was adamant. "Please believe me——"

"Sophie——" I reached for her

Everyone's sweet on

Maltesers

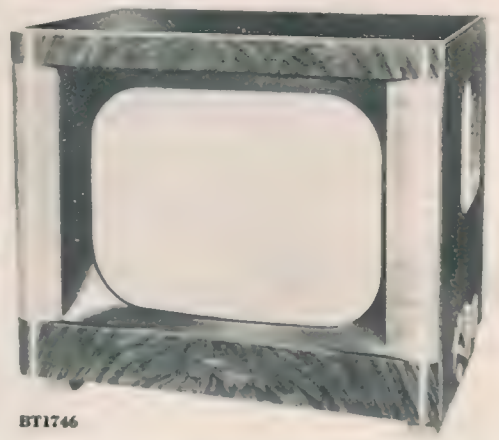
ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS

We're not going to talk about Barretter control or Automatic Vision Gain control or any of our technical advances. The important thing is this: here is a 14" T.V. receiver superbly designed and made by one of the world's greatest electrical and electronic organisations. This receiver is absolutely ready for the new stations (no costly circuit modifications later). It will give you a brilliant reliable picture now and for years to come. Invest in the wonderful present and the golden future of television. A fully descriptive publication BT2561 and the name of your nearest approved dealer is obtainable on request from The General Electric Co. Ltd., A11 Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

"You can't go wrong with G.E.C.,"

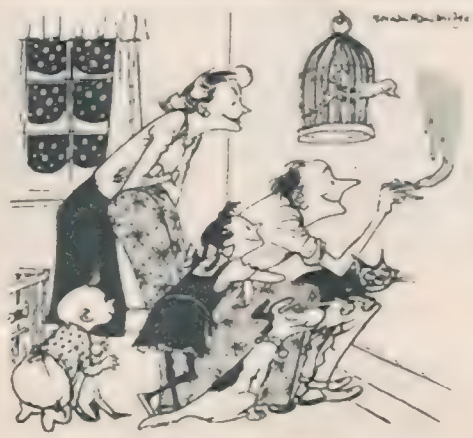
Says Eamonn Andrews

G.E.C.



BT1746

G.E.C. 14 IN. TELEVISION 65 gns. *tax paid or hire purchase*



You can paint all the year round with

VALSPAR

REG° N° 405868

2-4 HOUR LACQUER

The enamel that boiling water made famous

- ★ NO PRIMING OR UNDERCOATING REQUIRED
- ★ PROOF AGAINST BOILING WATER
- ★ DRIES IN 2-4 HOURS
- ★ EASILY APPLIED, EASY TO KEEP CLEAN
- ★ SUITABLE FOR ALL SURFACES—EVEN TILES
- ★ NO LINGERING PAINT SMELL
- ★ STEAM, HEAT, OIL AND PETROL PROOF
- ★ MANY LOVELY INTERMIXABLE COLOURS

Awarded the Good Housekeeping Institute Seal of guarantee

For a satin finish on Walls and Ceilings use

VALSPAR

2-3 Hour

EMULSION FLAT

Write for booklet and name of stockist to the Sole Manufacturers U.K.

GOODLASS, WALL & CO., LTD.

179/185, (DII) Gt. Portland St. W.1. Est. 1840

shoulders to shake courage, sense, I-don't-know-what into her. But at that moment the door opened and Fargette put his head in.

"You said five minutes, Sophie. You want Sarrasin to knock my teeth in?"

He stood there, one hand on the door, the other holding a revolver. As she went towards him I followed. He held the revolver a little higher and said: "Stay where you are, monsieur."

The door slammed, and I heard the lock and bolts again.

I looked at the English and French papers as I ate breakfast. The news had broken that Prince Jabal had been kidnapped and that his tutor, David Bladen Fraser, had been either abducted, too, or rescued by his accomplices if, as it seemed, he had had a hand in the organization of the kidnapping.

Some of the papers were more definite about it than others. The English papers were very cautious, the French showed no such reserve. I was a kidnapper whose well-organized plan had come apart a little at the seams. One of them even said that it was I who had knifed the policeman.

The most disturbing news item for me was a small stop-press paragraph which said that the policeman driver of the Citroën had died in a Perpignan hospital of his wound. Not only kidnapping but murder was at my door.

More than ever I wanted to get away and clear myself. That morning, as I took my stroll in the grounds, I went over all the possibilities of escape. I could see no way at all.

After lunch I went over my room again, examining it minutely. And again nothing. The walls were solid and the chimney had been bricked up.

I went to the window and looked out. It was not the first time I had leaned over the ledge and looked at the drop. Twelve feet below the window the face of the château was broken by a weathered cornice about six inches wide that ran along for twenty yards or so and then disappeared as the front of the château angled back at a corner.

WHAT there was beyond this point I did not know, but I guessed that there was more of the château before the final turn was reached which would bring me out above the moat with a small drop to the rising ground of the gardens.

I could get down to the ledge easily. I could walk the ledge, not so easily, for it was weathered and crumbling and clearly unsafe in places. But it could be done and without much more risk than an afternoon's climbing on Idwal Slabs.

A few feet to the left of the window, however, a great length of the cornice had fallen away completely, leaving a gap about six feet wide. It was a gap that could not be jumped for I should be spread-eagled against the wall without room for such a manoeuvre. I knew that if I could cross the gap I would take the risk of what lay beyond.

I leaned out of the window, staring at the break. What I wanted was a plank to place across it to give me one foothold.

I turned back into the room. I wondered if I could use one of the planks from the window seat, but when I looked at them I found they were only about four feet long. The only other things were the wooden columns that supported the canopy of the four-poster bed. They were long enough, but they were round and would roll.

I spent the afternoon roaming about the room. I kept coming back and looking at the canopy supports. They were thin at the top and thick at the bottom. That would make the roll more certain. It was madness to think of using them. If I wanted to commit suicide all I had to do was jump out of the window.

Fargette brought me some food around five. I had no appetite for it. I was getting the feeling that it was today or not at all. I was a new man, restless, full of desire to get away.

I SMOKED and finished the last of the whisky. It was not enough to give me courage or rashness. I felt depressed. It grew dark and I switched the light on. In the end I went to the bed and began to examine one of the supports just to prove to myself that I couldn't, anyway, get it off without a lot of noise.

The top was just socketed into one of the canopy runners. I couldn't see how the bottom went because of the mattress and bedcovers. I gave the mattress a heave over. . . .

I stood there knowing that luck is something you make for yourself. The bedframe was a great shallow box, eight feet by four, and the base of the box on which the mattress fitted was made up of loose planks. Good stout inch-thick oak planks.

I decided to leave that night as soon as it was late enough.

It was past midnight before I left. For two hours I had had everything prepared and I sat in the windowseat smoking and watching the night. The moon was up behind the château. There was a blaze of stars and a warmish light wind. Below me was the grey and purple depth of the gorge and, very thinly, I could hear the sound of the river over its bed.

I had been thinking about Sophie and wishing that I had had time to ask her far more questions than I had. Also, with the thought that I might with luck soon be free, I was thinking of the coming interview with Drexel and Didier. I had a lot to tell them. Enough easily to convince them that I was innocent.

But there were still elements in this affair which had me puzzled. Today, for instance, I had not heard the car leave. Neither had I heard the usual noise of laughter and barking from the courtyard. I was sure, too, that there were people in the château for until late I had heard them moving about. This had never happened before and, although I found a reason for it, it still left me in the dark. I had worked out that today was Sunday. But why should things be different on Sunday?

I had told myself I would wait until one, but at half-past twelve I could stand it no longer. I had to move. I half closed the window and wedged a chair on the windowseat so that it rested against the lower part of the frame. To this I tied a rope length which I had made from the bed sheets and covers. The plank I tied to my back with cord from the curtains. I

The second trip to Mars...

. . . was made in 2002. The first took place, quite by accident, in 1887. Ward Moore's amusing story appears in JOHN BULL next week. Make certain of your copy. Place an order with your newsagent *today*.

TO NEWSAGENT OR BOOKSTALL: PLEASE DELIVER/RESERVE JOHN BULL EVERY WEEK

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"We must be getting close"

had trouble backing out of the window because of the plank. It hit me on the head and got in the way of my feet.

With one hand on the sill I gradually took the strain of my body with the other hand on the rope. The chair creaked and groaned, but it held. Then I had both hands on the rope and went down gently. They were good stout linen sheets and I felt happy so long as I had my hands on them. A rope is a wonderful comfort when you have a long drop below you.

My feet touched the ledge and I slowly let my weight on to it. It held, but I knew I was not going to have any comfort from it. It was as crumbly and rotten as sandstone. It was dark in the shadow of the château, but the only eyes I needed were in my hands and feet. I reached out with my left hand and got a hold in a crack between the crudely cut blocks of stone.

I waited for my breath to ease back to normal and then let go of the rope with my right hand. It was the most reluctant farewell of my life. The sheet swung away and then came back, brushing against my face.

I found a hold with my right hand and there I was, spreadeagled hundreds of feet above the river, and the plank, unevenly balanced, came between my legs and tapped gently against the wall. Slowly I began to work my way along, moving one foot, one hand at a time and letting my weight gradually shift, testing each hold.

After making six feet, I found good handholds and rested, letting the strain go in turn from each arm and leg. It was bliss. And then, from above me and to the left, I heard the clatter of something falling. I knew at once what it was. The chair had fallen back from the windowseat. I knew exactly how much spare rope there was, and I knew that, now, even if I went back, I would never be able to reach the end of it.

I stood there with my face against the bare stone and I was frightened. I felt sick and hopeless. At the back of my mind had been the thought that at any time I could go back. But there was no going back now.

And then I got angry, angry with myself and everything that had conspired to put me into this position.

I went on, too quickly, too violently, and suddenly a great flake of stone broke away from under my feet. For one moment I was clawing at the wall face with a leg swinging over space.

The board on my back crashed against my head.

Somehow I got a hold and found my footing. I pressed myself against the stones and my breath was something between a sob and a whine. But the shock did the trick. I was sober; free of anger and fear. From that moment I became an automaton, allowing myself nothing but movement and keeping my mind blank.

I came to the break in the cornice. I did not trust the broken edge. I banged it with my foot. It held. For the other side I could make no test. I worked the plank around so that it was between me and the wall, one end resting on the cornice between my feet. I untied it from my waist and then worked a loop of cord to the end above my face.

Up in my room, I had done this manoeuvre fifty times in my mind. Now, to my surprise, it worked without a hitch. I let the top slip away from me along the wall face, controlling it with the free cord from the loop in my right hand. It went down gently. It spanned the gap, edge upwards, and I tipped it over with my foot.

By the time I had finished, every muscle in my strained body was trembling. I stood there, resting until the tension eased down. Then I reached out, took a new handhold and slid one foot out on to the plank. It sagged a bit and I heard the board grating on the broken edges. I moved my other foot on to it and then inched along.

I was in the middle of the plank, taking all the strain I could on my arms. The board grated and sagged beneath me and I was talking to myself, growling between my clamped teeth: "Don't hurry! Don't hurry!"

I got over and I was myself again. The plank moved as the last strain came off it. It slipped and fell away into the darkness. There was little noise, it must have landed in a bush or a tree top. I didn't care. I was over. What happened behind me was of no importance. My future lay ahead, along this rotten strip of ledge.

I got to the point where the wall-face angled back on itself. A gargoyle decorated the turning point of the cornice. It was some kind of animal, its head covered with bird droppings. I turned the corner and was in moonlight. And I could see what lay before me. The wall ran back and then out again, forming a sharp V. The other side of the V was in darkness and I could not tell how far the ledge went.

I went forward again, my back to the wall now. I was sweating and it was odd how the warm night breeze seemed cold on my skin. My fingers were cut and scratched from the rough holds I had taken, and I could feel my right kneecap complaining about this work. Years ago a bullet had cracked the cap for me. And the pain in it now brought Drexel into my mind . . . that was the time he had saved my life. Maybe now—if I got away—I could

FOR HEALTH

Brylcreem with massage, maintains the normal flow of sebum, the scalp's natural oil.

Reason: *Brylcreem frees the mouths of the follicles along which the hair grows.*

Brylcreem prevents micro-organisms from reaching the scalp, thus countering irritation and encouraging strong, healthy hair growth.

Reason: *Brylcreem's special emulsion spreads a fine surface film of oil evenly over the whole head, which acts as a filter.*

FOR APPEARANCE

Brylcreem gives that firm but gentle control preferred by all well-dressed men. It keeps the hair neat and smart all day.

Reason: *Brylcreem's special emulsion grooms by surface tension. Every single hair is supple and lustrous.*

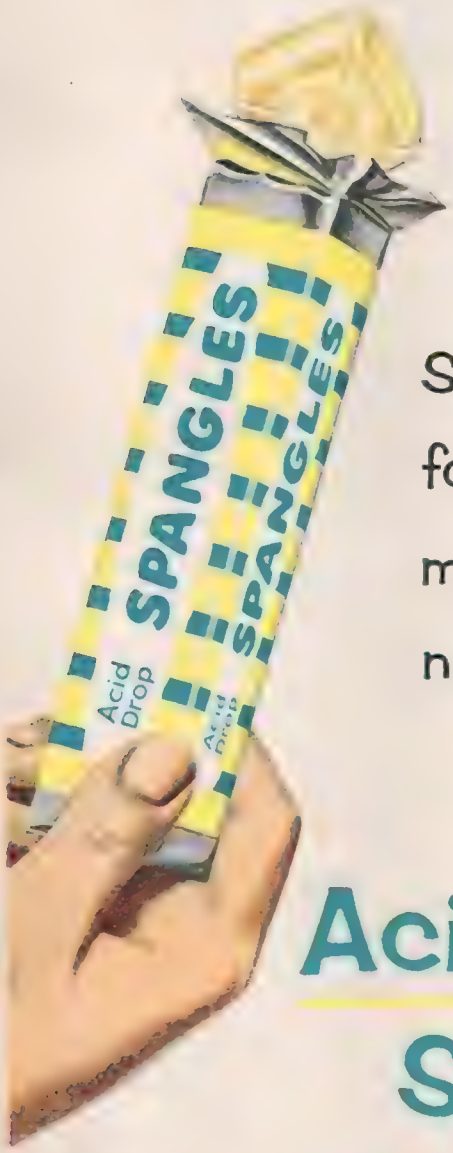
Brylcreem grooms *naturally*, without over-oiling and does not stiffen the hair.

Reason: *The oils in Brylcreem are emulsified for clean grooming and have to meet more exacting tests than those required by pharmaceutical standards.*

These are scientific facts that explain why Brylcreem checks dryness, dandruff and other common hair troubles—facts that underlie the clean smart look for which Brylcreem is famous. Because Brylcreem is all that the hair needs, it is the largest-selling hairdressing in the world. Brylcreem *your* hair. Tubs 1/8, 2/6 and 4/6, or handy tubes 2/6.

Use BRYLCREEM
the healthy hairdressing

royds 205/176/54



Scout around
for these
mouth-watering
new Spangles!

Acid-Drop Spangles

Only 3d a packet

Life's always sweeter with Spangles

Hawkins for Cottons

AU1. CROSS-OVER OVERALLS. One of our most popular overalls in a charming floral design. In colourings of Tones of Blue, Rose, Gold and Green (as illustrated), also in Tones of Blue, Helio and Green, or in Tones of Green, Rose, Gold and Navy. WMS. each **8/8**
O.S. each 9/11 X.O.S. each 11/11

AU7. DUTCH APRONS. Delightful afternoon Tea Apron in a charming floral design in Red, Gold, Green and Blue (as illustrated) or Tones of Blue, Red and Green, or Tones of Blue, Helio and Green, or Red, Helio and Green. WMS. each **3/11½**
O.S. each 4/3

AU4. HALTER COLLAR PINARETTES. An overall easy to slip on and off. Made from Spun Rayon fabric in a smart poppy design in colourings of Rose, Blue, Gold, Helio and Green (as illustrated), also in Wine, Gold, Helio and Green or in Tango, Gold, Blue, Turquoise, & Green.
WMS. each **3/11½** O.S. 4/8 each

LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS
White Cambric. 11½ in. x 11½ in. 5d. each
Coloured Bordered (Assorted). 11½ in. x 11½ in. 7½d. each

BY POST DIRECT FROM LANCASHIRE

WOVEN POPLIN TUNIC SHIRTS
(*Below*) A very smart woven poplin tunic Shirt in Air Force pattern. Double cuffs and stud pockets. Shrunk finish. Available in Blue (as illustrated) or in Grey. Neckband sizes 14-17 in.
25/- each
Including three trubenised collars

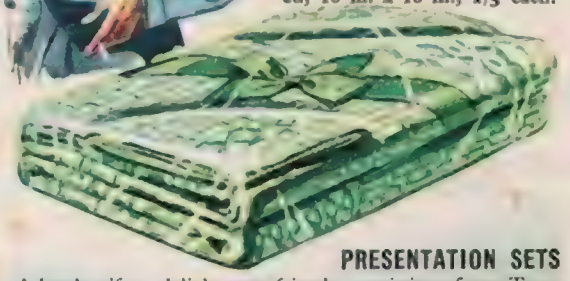
Double-Fronted WHITE SHIRTS
(*Above*) Made from good; strong, quality shirting in shrunk finish. Double cuffs and stud pockets. Neckband sizes 14-17 in. each **14/11**

SEMI-STIFF COLLARS
Sizes 14½-17½ in. 1/8½ each

MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS
White Cambric, 18¾ in. x 18¾ in., 1/1 each. Coloured Bordered, 18 in. x 18 in., 1/3 each.

HH982. MULTI-COLOURED GUEST TOWELS. (*Below*) Superior quality, soft and absorbent. In attractive colourings as illustrated. 22 in. x 42 in. each **7/6**

HH982



PRESENTATION SETS
A lovely gift to delight your friends, consisting of two Terry Towels (22 in. x 44 in.), hemmed with border at each end, and two Face Cloths (11 in. x 11 in.) to match. In shades of Green (as illustrated), also in Gold, Coral or Blue. Each set is tied with ribbon and packed in transparent paper. Per Set **14/11**

HK276

HK276. COLOURED GUEST TOWELS (*Above*) Superior quality and most attractive. Available in Ground shades of Gold (as illustrated), also in Green, Rose, or Blue, each with Rainbow Floral Borders. 20 in. x 38 in. each **5/9**

POST YOUR ORDER ON THIS CONVENIENT FORM OR CALL PERSONALLY AT ONE OF HAWKINS 56 SHOPS

To:- John Hawkins & Sons Ltd.,
Dept. J.B.18, St. Paul's Mill, Preston, Lancashire

Please forward the following—State colour.

.....Aprons.....
.....Overalls .....
.....Towels.....
..... Presentation Sets .....
.....Shirts (size).....
.....Ladies/Gents handkerchiefs...

NAME.....
ADDRESS .....
.....

POST & PACKING
Orders only accepted for delivery in Gt. Britain & N. Ireland. Orders up to £1 postage 1/-. Orders up to £2 postage 1/4. Orders up to £3 postage 1/6. Over £3 Post Free. Register Treasury Notes and Cash. C.O.D. if required, Fee extra. Please allow 7-10 days for delivery.

Cash Enclosed
£ .. ..

WHO'S WHO?

They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the jumbled details below, can you provide each man with his potted biography—and his name? The answers are on page 43.

BORN:
A. Eighty years ago in Paris, a solicitor's son.
B. Seventy-eight years ago in Cologne, the son of a civil servant.

FIRST JOB:
C. A law clerk.
D. An obstetric clerk.

HAS SAID:
E. "I need all the good wishes that can come my way. . . . Things are very difficult."
F. "It is not true that suffering enobles the character; happiness does that sometimes, but suffering, for the most part, makes men petty and vindictive."

FAMOUS FOR:
G. Rising from parish pump to international politics in eight years.
H. Writing prolifically—by hand.

repay a little of that debt. He'd get Jabal back . . . save his pride and reputation. I knew just how much he hated failure, just how much he needed the stimulus of success.

Four yards beyond the corner there was a window above the ledge. Just high enough for me to reach the sill and pull myself up. I could see, too, that the window was open, though the room beyond was in darkness. I wanted to go in. I told myself that I could easily find a way down through the château . . . but I didn't believe it. I rested under the window with my hands reaching up to the stone sill. All I had to do was pull myself up. But I wouldn't. I was outside the château and I meant to stay outside. I went on, but I might have saved myself the trouble. When I got into the apex of the V, I saw that the cornice finished. The out-running wall was bare and smooth. The only thing I could do was to go back to the window.

I WENT back and hauled myself up. I swung my legs into the room and I sat there, staring in.

Nearly half the room was flooded by moonlight. It was large, a cross between a study and a sitting-room. There was a big leather-topped desk. One wall was lined with books and against another was a wide, deep cupboard, an Italianate-looking affair with painted door panels and open grille work at the top. There were chairs, a round table with a bowl of fruit, a tall glass case full of china and a very fine spread of Savonnerie carpet from which the moonlight took all the colour, and then a tall Chinese screen that half masked the doorway.

I gave my knee a quick massage and then started for the door. I had almost reached it when I heard the sound of voices and footsteps outside. Then as a switch was thrown in the corridor, a thin edge of light came under the door. I thought: this is it; this is why you shouldn't have come in through the window; and I started back. But as I went I was looking for alternatives to the open window. Now that I was in, I didn't want to go out again.

The Chinese screen was no good. It was too near the door. I went to the cupboard and opened one side of it. The space inside was taken up with shelves for linen. Hastily, as I heard the footsteps coming closer, I tried the other side. There was a full-length cupboard, a kind of cloak and hat place. I stepped inside, pulling the door as close as I could get it.

I was there with about ten seconds' grace when the room door was opened and the light switched on. I stood there and found that I had a view of practically the whole room. On a level with my face the cupboard door panel had been cut into a fretted design of leaves, flowers and birds through which I could look.

Monsieur Gerard came in first. He was in a shabby old dressing-gown and bast slippers. He looked like a picture I had once seen of a young gannet, beaky nosed and big eyed with worry. His whitish tufts of hair sprung upwards where he had run his fingers through them.

He called out, half to himself: "Why does he come at night? Why at all, and why at this time? It's wrong and it's dangerous. . . ." He beat one hand against the other. It was Sarrasin he was talking to. Sarrasin came into my view and quite obviously he had not been roused from his bed. He was wearing a neatish grey suit and polished brown shoes. He said: "Shut up!" But he said it without any force, as though he knew it would produce no result.

Gerard began to pick at the end of his dressing-gown cord. "What's he doing? Why doesn't he come?"

SARRASIN laughed. "He's having a drink downstairs. And he's talking to Paviot. At this moment Paviot is feeling very uncomfortable."

"And in a moment we shall."

"What does it matter? These things happen. He told me to get you up." Sarrasin went and sat on a corner of the desk and began to play with a paperknife. "Karimba was much better today," he said. "But I don't get much time yet."

"And you won't until this is over. Then you will have time and money. Santa Maria . . . there are so many things we shall be able to do then with the money. Everything is falling to pieces and we have to take the cheapest . . . that's no way to get anywhere. All my life I have wanted to do it big and——"

"Yes, I know. We shall do it—*Attention* . . . here he comes."

"Try not to enrage him," said Gerard.

"Idiot. It is already done," answered Sarrasin, unconcerned.

I stood there watching the room through my fretwork. I had forgotten my own predicament. Most of what they had said was double-dutch to me. Who was Karimba? Sarrasin's girl friend? But most important, for I guessed from the reference to Paviot that it was something to do with Jabal's kidnapping, who was this person that Gerard feared so much?

There were quick, energetic footsteps coming down the corridor. Then the door, which I could not see, opened and was slammed shut again. And then into my field of view came a man; a shortish, alert figure in an old raincoat, the collar turned up, and carrying a soft hat in one hand.

He went up to Gerard and he stood in front of him, angry, spoiling with fury. "Damn you!" he said. "When I give an order for something to be done I want it done my way! My way! Do you hear? And only my way!"

Watching through the fretwork, I saw the glint of light on Sarrasin's paperknife as he played with it. I saw Gerard, seeming to wither and shrink before the blast of words, his thin hands plucking at the fluffy material of his dressing-gown. And despair and hope, certainty and uncertainty warred in me.

The newcomer was Colonel Francis Drexel.

To be continued next week

–time for a glass of

VP wine

POINT BRAND

Why not have a bottle of VP wine and some glasses alongside the T/V set, so that it is handy whenever there is a pause in the programme? You'll save time, please your friends, and you'll all enjoy Britain's most popular wine.

VP RICH RUBY · VP SWEET WHITE
VP OLD BROWN · VP RICH GOLDEN

6'- A BOTTLE
Also in Oval Quarts 9/-

VP BRITISH SHERRY - - 7/9
VP GINGER WINE - - - - 7/-

★★★ VP — a fuller-bodied wine — Value Plus at 9/6 a bottle

But don't worry, mend it with Durofix—the colourless adhesive. Durofix sticks almost any material—china, glass, leather, rubber—even metal! Use Durofix for greater strength—*heatproof and waterproof too.* Tubes 9d., 1/3 & 5/-. Tins 2/9 & 10/6.

8453

Rawlplug Plastic Wood is pliable as putty, yet when dry—it's wood! You can saw, plane, sandpaper, paint and polish it. For cracks and joints, repairs to furniture—even mouldings! Never deteriorates. Tubes 1/-. Tins 2/3, 3/9 & 5/9.

THE RAWLPLUG CO. LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.7

there's always time for

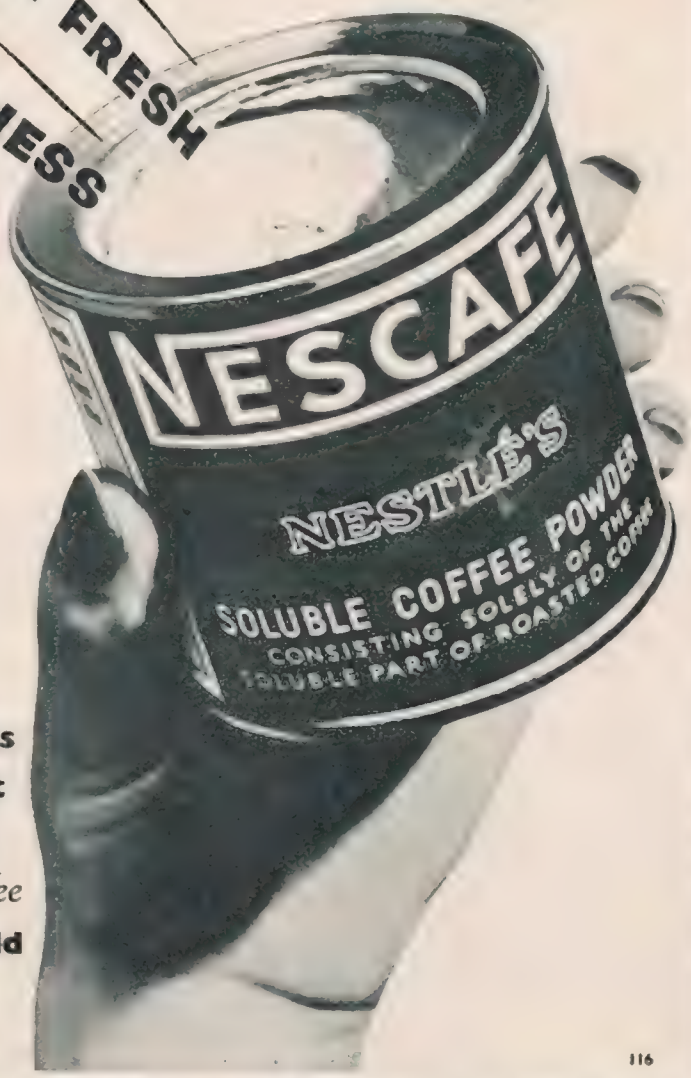
NESCAFÉ

100% PURE COFFEE

Nescafé is *all* coffee—made from a grand blend of fresh-roasted fresh-ground beans—prepared to retain its tempting smell and taste until the touch of piping hot water releases them right in the cup! Milk and sugar to taste—and there's your cup of *good* coffee!

ROASTER FRESH GOODNESS

RICH



Nescafé has the biggest sale of any *instant coffee* **in the world**

116

100% PURE COFFEE—*DISSOLVES INSTANTLY*

THE DIVE OF DEATH

Continued from page 11

meant, I let in the clutch and the car picked up speed down the hill. Dolores was fighting to get her breath back.

"I must be . . . there for his act!" she said wildly.

"Oh, he won't mind cancelling it," I said, trying to calm her. "He won't have to mind."

"You don't understand. It is Juanita . . . Juanita empties the petrol, all but a little. I know she has tried to stop me getting there."

"But Dolores, why should she do that?"

"She will kill Ramón. She will take my place and give him the signal at the wrong time. Oh hurry, señor. Because she cannot have him, she will kill him. I know it."

Her tone, as well as her words, told me she knew very well indeed. In fact, if the situation were reversed and Ramón were going to marry Juanita, he wouldn't be one jot safer. Suddenly the fantastic thing seemed more possible.

As we bounced and jolted along, I began to sweat freely. My leg was aching from keeping the accelerator pressed hard against the floorboards. A distant, dark line of people appeared, stretching across the road. Dolores pointed at them in anguish.

"Faster, señor, faster. It is four o'clock now. . . ."

The gorge became visible, a dark chasm rending the cliffs. On our left lay the blue sea. Dust rose in clouds around the car as we raced forward. The crowd ahead were motionless, waiting.

Dolores let out a sudden scream. She pointed to the cliff edge where the line of spectators thinned out. A slim figure was standing there with one hand uplifted to her hair. A slim figure *in a yellow frock*. . . .

"He will think it is me. Oh, Mother of God! Hurry, señor. Hurry. . . ."

I RAN almost to the feet of the startled spectators, jerked to a stop and leaped out, followed by Dolores. Bursting through the crowd, I ran forward. The chasm yawned at my feet. Opposite me, poised on his rock platform, stood the bronzed figure of Ramón. I caught a glimpse of naked, shining rocks below as I opened my mouth to shout. But I was too late.

Before the warning left my lips he had leaped forward. In one moment he was standing before me in the sunlight, in the next he had plunged into the shadows of the gorge.

There was an agonized scream from behind me. "*Amor mio!* She is killing you. Ah, *amor mio*. . . ."

Ramón's falling body suddenly faltered like a winged bird. Instead of diving straight he turned over and fell flat, face downwards, with arms and legs outstretched as if he were trying to halt his fall and push himself back on to the platform. I guessed he must have heard Dolores scream and this was his instinctive reaction. The pathetic futility of it made it horrible to watch.

AROUND me all was confusion. Spectators were screaming, adding their cries to those of Dolores, who was clinging frantically to me as she watched the falling Ramón in awful fascination.

The few moments he took to fall seemed an eternity. His body was tiny now in the deep shadows. Behind it waited the savage rocks.

A sudden roaring sounded in my ears. I started in amazement. Round the bend in the cliff a huge wave appeared. The tumbling figure of Ramón straightened out into a dive again. Wave and man raced to meet one another. I held my breath. Then Ramón vanished plunging into the water a few yards ahead of the crest. Whether it would be deep enough to break his fall I could not guess. I was too busy attending to Dolores. She had fallen to my feet in a dead faint.

The sequel was not without humour. Ramón escaped alive, although with slight concussion and a shoulder injury. The water had not been quite deep enough to break his fall, but the men attending the rope had managed to drag him out. He was taken to hospital and was soon his old self again. At least, almost his old self. The change in him I discovered later.

Juanita was horrified at Dolores's accusation. She had not been near the Hotel Pamplona. And her wearing a yellow dress was a coincidence, nothing more. Of course she had helped Ramón when she saw Dolores had failed him. Was she to stand there and see him disgraced before such a crowd of people? Ah, she had made a slight mistake in timing, yes, but that had been due to lack of practice. But, *Madre de Dios*, the suggestion that she would hurl Ramón to his death could only come from a mind capable of such wickedness itself. Did she not love Ramón as a brother?

Señor Justides was no more helpful. The petrol tank, well, it was full last week—or maybe the week before. But if he'd been driving he'd have found out how much there was before he started. . . . This left everyone in the district at liberty to think what he liked, which he did according to his faith in human nature.

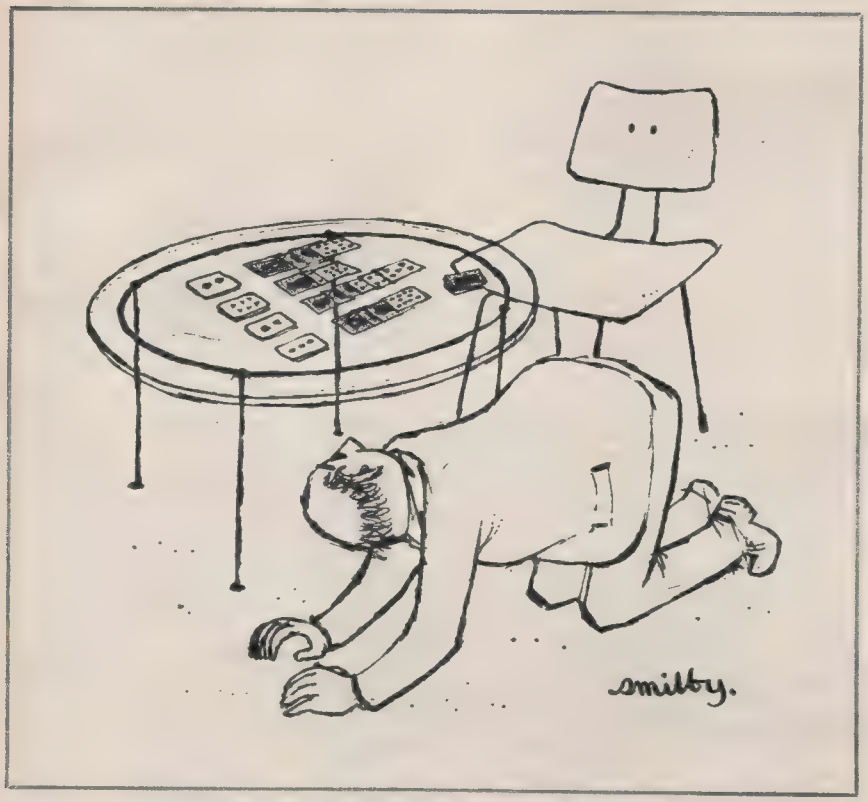
I visited Ramón in hospital and there he explained the strange attitude of his body during the fall. When he jumped, he had thought Dolores to have given the signal. But, as her sudden scream told him otherwise, a thousand thoughts passed through his mind in a split second. He remembered Dolores's suspicions of Juanita and thought himself doomed. Then an idea came to him. . . .

"I tell myself a wave must be on its way, señor. If Juanita means to kill me she will signal early—but not so early that it looks deliberate. A second or two will be enough. So if I drop flat, like a gull about to land, perhaps the air will slow my fall. Only a fraction, of course, maybe only half a second, but perhaps just enough to save me.

"It is my only chance, señor, and so I fall that way. The air chokes my nostrils. . . . I cannot breathe. . . . I am doomed.

"Then it happens. The wave appears. I lower my head, straighten my back, and smash . . . my back arches as I try to break my dive . . . there is pain . . . then nothing. I think I am dead."

Ramón finished his dramatic account



without noticing the admiring glances of the pretty nurse opposite. By this omission, I judged him more shaken than his brave showing would suggest.

"Then you believe Juanita did it deliberately?" I asked.

His hesitation was slight. He shook his head. "No, señor. She has assured me that it was not so, that it was a mistake made with good intention. Dolores is wrong. Like all women, she has a bad opinion of her sex."

"She might know them well," I suggested unkindly.

Ramón frowned. "What reason has she got for killing me, señor? She has always admired me. One does not kill those one admires." But he said it uncertainly and his voice lacked conviction. . . .

BEFORE Ramón left hospital, I was called home for a month. I returned by ship to hear the usual propaganda in Porto Bellera about the famous Dive of Death. Wondering whether Ramón's nerve had been affected, I went with the rest of the tourists to the gorge.

No, he dived as well and confidently as ever. I waited for the crowd to break up and made my way along the cliffs to have a chat with Dolores.

To my surprise, I met Pedro coming towards me, the collection purse in his hand. His comical face split into a grin as he saw me.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. "Where's Dolores?"

His grin grew broader. "Looking for a man, I suppose, like the rest of them."

"Do you mean she hasn't married Ramón?"

He laid a finger along his turned-up nose. "Ramón hasn't married her, señor. I think he has lost some of his faith in women. He says he will not get married while he is still diving, but will wait until he is old and life is not so sweet. Ramón thinks getting married is dangerous, señor."

"And you help him with his act?"

Again that grin. "Certainly I do, señor. He says that a man is more reliable up here. One can see his point, *no es verdad?*"

THE END

WHO'S WHO?

A D F H are the clues on page 41 which help to identify the man on the left as Somerset Maugham, novelist, essayist and playwright. He wrote his first book when, as a medical student, he took a course in practical midwifery.

B C E G identify the man on the right as Konrad Adenauer, chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany.

SHOOT FIRST!

Continued from page 15

Katmandu by tomorrow morning. I want a full coverage shipped back tomorrow night."

He sits back, satisfied that another "flag" has been shifted. That night he goes to the pub. He awaits his big moment, then says casually: "Sent one of my chaps to Katmandu today, you know."

The regulars regard him with awe. "What a character!" their eyes seem to say. "Sending men all over the world."

"What's going on over there?" asks one of them.

"Well, I've got to keep my eyes on it, you know. That's the newsreel life!" he says triumphantly. They buy him drinks and he leans back full of himself. Yes, when he says jump we jump, even if it is half way round the world.

The Western Desert Press Camp consisted of a dozen or so small tents, with one huge marquee as the mess. The mess acted as a discussion tent, a poker school, a bar, and for me a camera maintenance bench.

One day, I had the camera stripped on the mess table alongside Freddy Bayliss, a Paramount News cameraman. We were servicing our equipment, to have it in tip-top condition for General Auchinleck's Operation Crusader. Once again we were to try to defeat Rommel and destroy his armour. If successful, we should also lift the siege of Tobruk, where the Australian troops were not only holding out, but making offensive patrols against the enemy surrounding their desert perimeter.

Battle Of The Tanks

I shook the sand from the very innards of the camera mechanism and began to screw the outer case back into position. Bayliss was beside me doing likewise. "Have you ever filmed a tank battle?" he asked.

"No, thank you," I replied.

"Let's join up with the tank boys and have a crack at it," he insisted.

"You're mad," I replied. "First, they wouldn't let us. Secondly, we wouldn't live to bring the pictures back."

Three days later, Bayliss and I were with the 4th Armoured Brigade Group. We had no business there because they were forming up to attack the enemy's tank concentration near Sidi Omar. We each had a hand camera and a haversack of spare film, and our transport was an Australian Chevrolet. Painted a nice dark green, it stood out rather prominently against the sand.

We made shots of the tanks getting into battle formation. Then they moved

Why Mummy..
...why do leaves change colour?"
"The reason is, darling, that trees go to sleep for the winter and during the winter they take out of the leaves everything that is useful, including the green stuff made by the sunlight which gives the leaves their colour."
Mansion never changes the colour of furniture but protects and preserves all woodwork with its long-lasting shine—easy to use and economical, too.
With the cherished scent of roses for those who prefer the fragrance of a garden in the home, here is
ROSE Perfumed MANSION
Price 1/3d.
MANSION POLISH
for floors, furniture and linoleum
11° 1/6 & 3/9
FOR DARK FLOORS USE DARK MANSION

"I'm a little on the cold side until I've had my

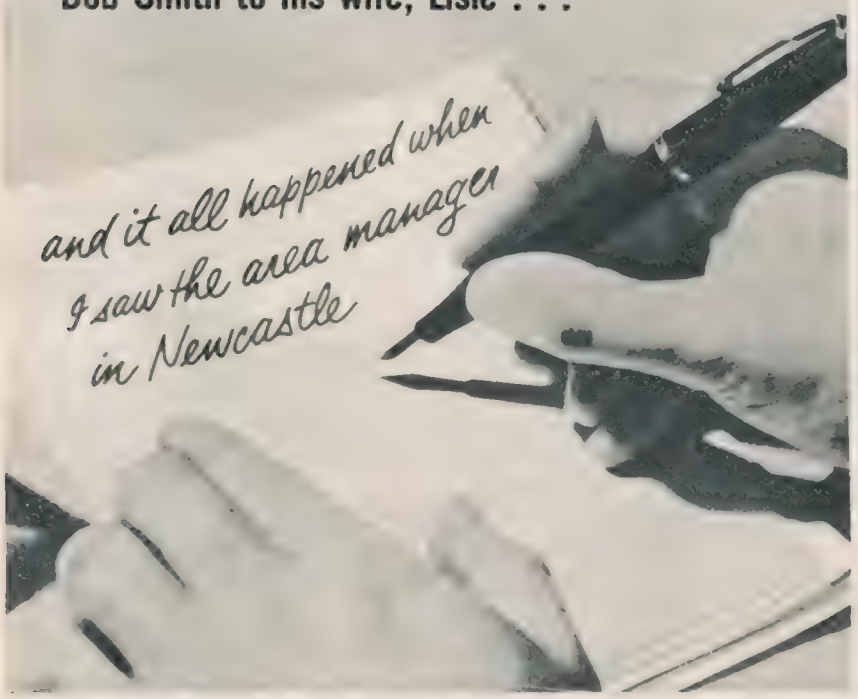
WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT AND HOT MILK"

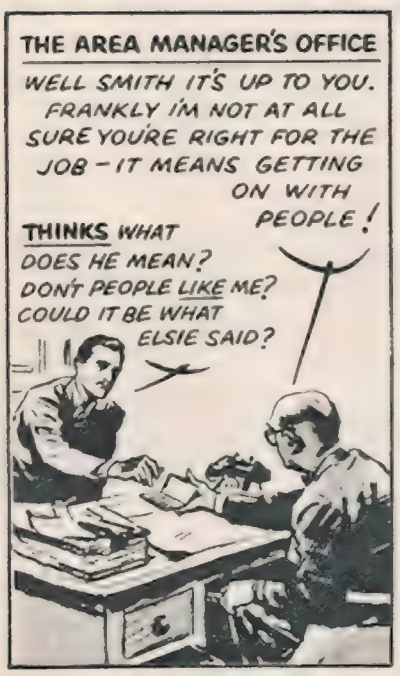
Set the fire of life blazing bright inside you with the rich nourishing warmth of Welgar Shredded Wheat and hot milk. How good to feel your veins aglow and skin atingle as this hearty whole wheat breakfast helps you defy winter's chill. It's just what you and the children need. Nature's finest cereal—100% whole wheat—every bit of it ripe and toasted and deliciously *good* to eat! Get some today!

Buy the Big-Value Packet—only 1/-

LETTER TO A WIFE . . .

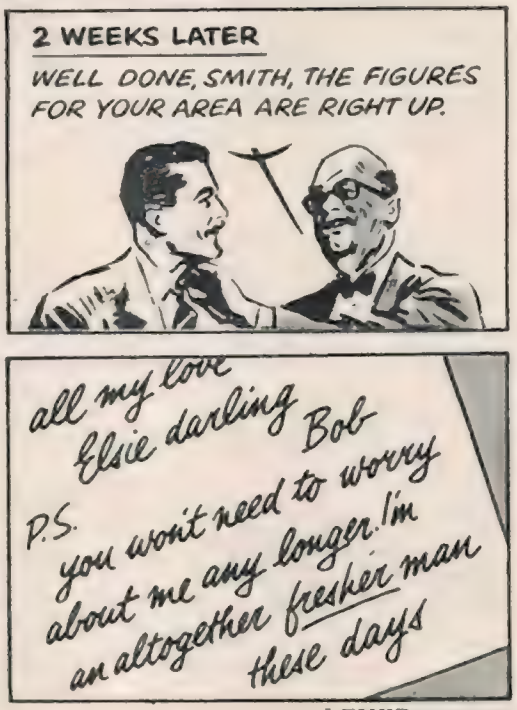
"It isn't every man has to travel half England before he finds out the truth about himself", wrote Bob Smith to his wife, Elsie . . .




THE AREA MANAGER'S OFFICE
WELL SMITH IT'S UP TO YOU. FRANKLY I'M NOT AT ALL SURE YOU'RE RIGHT FOR THE JOB – IT MEANS GETTING ON WITH PEOPLE!
THINKS WHAT DOES HE MEAN? DON'T PEOPLE LIKE ME? COULD IT BE WHAT ELSIE SAID?

THAT EVENING AT THE BRITISH LEGION I WAS INTRODUCED TO THE LOCAL DOCTOR. THE TALK TURNED TO HYGIENE
YOU CAN'T DISGUISE STALE PERSPIRATION, IT ALWAYS CAUSES B.O. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO. GET RID OF IT. I'LL TELL YOU THE MOST EFFECTIVE ANSWER I KNOW...

NOW THIS IS SOMETHING! WHAT A MAGNIFICENT FEELING! THIS 'FRESH-ALL-OVER' SENSATION MAKES A CHAP FEEL REALLY GOOD. THAT DOCTOR KNEW A THING OR TWO WHEN HE RECOMMENDED
LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP



LBT 776-71

A LEVER PRODUCT

off towards the enemy. We began to follow, but an armoured car came out of the minor dust storm which the tank tracks had made, pulled across our bows and an angry British major jumped out brandishing a revolver.

"Who the hell are you?" he bawled.

"Newsreel correspondents," I replied timidly.

"Gonna film the tank battle, old horse," said Bayliss with a grin.

"Film the tank battle? You must be mad." He looked at us queerly, then suddenly shouted: "Then don't interfere with my tanks or I'll shoot the hell out of you!"

We followed the tanks to get shots of them going into action. I had to drive in bottom gear to go at their slow speed. Bayliss hopped out, shot a few feet of film, then he drove as I did likewise. The tanks then came under enemy fire. There was a sudden whine, a shell hit the ground and ricocheted past our truck.

"Dud," said Bayliss. It was followed by another, and another. All of them were duds, Bayliss told me. He'd been in the Spanish War and I felt he ought to know. My experience in France was too short to teach me much about shells.

Then our own tanks returned the fire. Unfortunately, they were out-ranged and had to get closer in to the Germans before they could hope for a hit. They made wonderful newsreel shots as they ambled through the dust, stopping and firing several rounds and going on again. We drove alongside until it seemed too dangerous, and continued on foot. All this time the duds were coming over thick and fast.

"Oh, boy! Someone in Germany must by sabotaging all those shells," said Bayliss with a wide sandy grin. The dust had settled on his eyelashes and moustache and he looked more like Father Christmas than a cameraman.

The noise went on and on, and as the battle grew more intense the light began to fail until there was hardly enough to film by. We turned round and made for our own lines. On the way we stopped at a gun position. The battery commander was surprised to see us, and told us he was pulling his guns back for the night.

As his men were breaking down their position, Freddy Bayliss told him about the dud shells. The artillery captain began to laugh, and before we could finish the story, he interrupted: "There should be a gunnery course for you correspondents. They were anti-tank shells, old boy. If one of those hit your truck, it would disappear into thin air!"

Capture With A Camera

Adventures with the camera followed thick and fast. Driving through an old infantry position one day, following up the Axis retreat, I stopped to make some shots of the guns and equipment which they had left behind. As I pointed the camera to the opening of a trench, the mouth of which was covered by an old Italian groundsheet, I heard voices jabbering in a foreign tongue.

I looked behind me; there was nobody else around for miles. I went on shooting, suspecting my sanity, when I heard the voices again. Suddenly, the groundsheet was pulled aside and an Italian soldier, rifle in hand, crawled out. A correspondent wasn't allowed to carry arms, so I pointed the camera at him with a jerk.

The Italian threw his rifle down and stood with hands up. I took his rifle just in time, for from under the groundsheet others began to crawl, one by one, carrying rifles, bayonets, revolvers, hand grenades—thirty-seven of them. And every one took one look at his friends standing there with hands aloft, and followed suit, throwing his arms down on to a steadily growing dump. I had captured thirty-seven prisoners with one ciné-camera.

What to do with them? I pointed vaguely towards Alexandria, which was about two hundred miles away to the east, and off they went, very happy to be captured by "such a nice officer," as one of them said in English.

As I watched them trudge away, I wondered why they did not jump me and return to their own lines under cover of night, and how it must feel to be a prisoner of war. I was to find out for myself some months later at Tobruk.

"You Won't Reach Tobruk"

I was in Tobruk by accident, but if I'd listened to Richard Dimbleby I would not have had this story to tell. I met him on the road to Tobruk. We pulled up for a conference. Richard, plump, pleasant, always calm and full of the latest news.

I told him that Tobruk was to be evacuated. "They've just told me at headquarters that the demolition will start tonight. I'm going in to film the withdrawal," I said.

"You should not go any farther, Ronnie," he said in good radio voice. "The Germans have cut the road between here and Tobruk. It's under siege again. You won't get through. I'm going back to file the story."

Much as I respected Dimbleby as a newsman, I felt that he was giving me a "wrong steer." With Willie Vanderson, an Army Film Unit cameraman, I decided to push on and spy out the land. The road was deserted, and for half an hour we met no other vehicles. "You can't take pictures of nothing," grumbled Vanderson.

We arrived safely in the Tobruk perimeter, and were rather cockily accusing Dimbleby, in his absence, of inaccuracy, when an Indian Army officer stopped us. "I say, where the heck have you chaps come from?" he asked.

"Gambut."

"Take a peep through these," he said, passing me his binoculars. "There, up on the escarpment!"

I looked and saw German tanks taking up their positions, their guns controlling the straight road along which we had just come. They were moving leisurely, as there was no opposition to harass them.

"You were lucky to get through, and what's more, you're here to stay for a while," said the Indian Army officer.

"Blimey!" said Van, "there was nothing between us and Germans but Dimbleby."

We camped in a wadi on the coast, and prepared a shooting script. Here was another good story: the Second Siege of Tobruk, but with Springboks instead of Aussies. And that's how I started shooting it. I made close-ups of South African troops removing Australian road signs and replacing them with others worded in Afrikaans, a shot of the Africans digging themselves in. It was a natural. Only one snag bothered me. If we were besieged for some time, how was I to get my story out?

There was only one person who could help—the head man. He lived in the

The gift that arrives each week

A year's subscription to JOHN BULL *is the ideal Christmas present for relatives and friends overseas. It costs only* 24*s.* (21*s.* 8*d. for Canada*). *A beautifully designed greetings card, bearing your name, will announce your gift. Send the name and address of your friend (block letters, please), with a crossed cheque, postal or money order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., to The Publisher,* JOHN BULL, *57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Do it without delay—for Christmas mails to distant parts of the world leave early from Britain.*

Pilastrino Caves. His headquarters, dug well into the escarpment, had an air of permanence about them left over from the Australian days. His name was General Klopper, and he commanded the Second South African Division and the Tobruk garrison.

A tough-looking, bull-necked man, he gave me a quarter of an hour interview in his headquarters. He said confidently: "I can hold on to Tobruk longer than the Australians ever did." But it was only a matter of days before I was filming the fall of Tobruk.

When the Germans attacked they did so with their usual thoroughness, although it has been proved since that they never expected Tobruk to fall so easily. Soon after dawn, following a heavy artillery and air bombardment, they overran the perimeter defences in the south-east. They were attacking in force with two Panzer divisions, motorized infantry and an Italian armoured division. Their tank thrusts were supported by expert low-level and dive bombing.

Waves Of Bombers

I took the camera to an anti-aircraft battery which was heavily engaged. The German bombers, refuelling only thirty miles away, were running a taxi service from bombing-up bays to the gun positions in the Allied perimeter. They had no opposition in the air as our air force had been withdrawn.

Each pilot must have made more than a dozen runs before lunch. They used everything they'd got, but the most effective were the old J.U.87s, dive bombers. In formation of three they flew directly to their target. Each formation took on one gun of the 3.7 anti-aircraft guns manned by a battery of Londoners from the 88 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment.

I picked them up in my viewfinder as they flew in a direct line, and held my breath as I tilted the camera down to follow them in their almost vertical dive. Each time I wondered if they would ever pull out before hitting the sand, so near to the gun pits did they come before dropping their loads. It was a miracle they were not blown up by the blast of their own bombs.

The brave London boys fired until the last. They were still firing when they could see the dark bombs twisting down at them from just a few feet above their heads. I filmed them firing and I filmed them dying.

Soon it was clear that it was only a matter of time before they were all wiped out, but they went on firing steadily until just one gun remained in action. I picked up the next formation of bombers as they approached, with a long-focus lens. They filled my camera screen, and with some compelling fascinating force I followed them on their death run. As one they approached and as one they tipped to a vertical formation and screamed down towards the last firing gun. Just as the bombs twirled away from the aircraft I was thrown on my face by a blast from behind.

I lay there in a cloud of yellow dust. It tasted hot and dry. I heard my camera still running; my thumb was on the trigger still. I stood up and looked for the last gun. It was a mass of twisted metal.

My truck was out of action, the radiator shattered and the tyres peppered with bomb burst fragments, but the camera equipment was undamaged. I made some more shots of the grey, twisted forms that once were guns and men, yet already looked cold and final as though life had never been part of their being, then draped all the cameras and film around me and began walking to Klopper's headquarters.

Any depression I felt increased a hundredfold when I reached the Pilastrino Caves. A counter-attack by tanks and men of the Guards Brigade, hastily organized and delivered piecemeal, had failed. The enemy were in the outskirts of Tobruk itself. The situation was in a shambles. Orders given were cancelled before they could be passed on. Smoke billowed out of the caves as secret documents were destroyed.

A senior South African officer strode out, with a determined air, as though he had made a momentous decision. "Pass the word along. Every man for himself!" he said.

Captain Derek Cotton, an Intelligence Officer attached to the H.Q., sat beside me. He lit a cigarette and said in a bitter voice: "They're not even going to bust their way out. They could form columns and go out through our own minefields. We know where they are. We can lift as we go." He threw his cigarette down angrily.

Cotton was right. If Tobruk had to be given up, and I don't believe to this day it need have happened, there was time enough to burn our stocks, form up and fight our way out with honour. Four hundred men—from the Guards Brigade and South Africans—did just that with complete success.

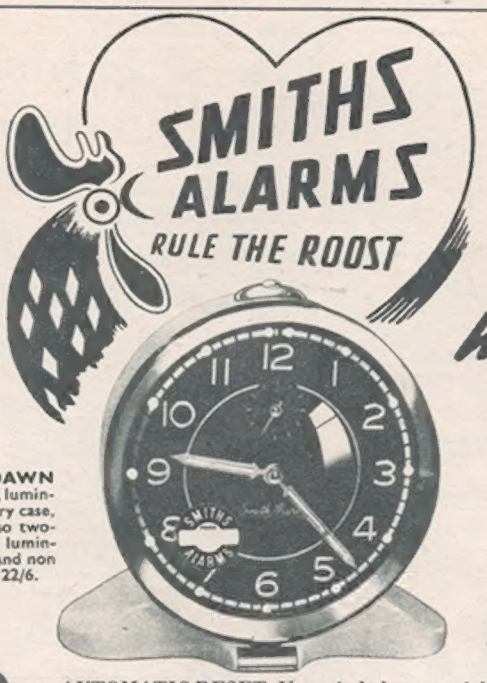
Destroyed His Gear

Tobruk, it seems to me, was lost when the first tank broke through. Those of our troops who were committed fought bravely and well. But the command lacked the dexterity and quick decision that was needed, and did not seem to have the knowledge of how to fight.

German vehicles appeared over the escarpment. Their shells crept across the flats, some exploding in the sand and others fifty feet above us. They would have been on us in a quarter of an hour. "Let's go!" said Cotton.

I borrowed his revolver and put bullets through the cameras. As I shot holes through the lenses it was like having teeth drawn. But I couldn't carry them across the desert; they had to go. I opened all the tins of exposed film and let the sunlight fog them. I had to destroy everything. I was relieved at the decision. We had to get out and we were on our own. We depended on no one but ourselves for survival. I was almost happy again.

As night fell, Tobruk was ablaze with burning vehicles and stores. The intense flare as petrol tanks exploded lit the whole scene for a second. We dropped to the ground and then, as the



..and here are the Four Ace Features

NEW DAWN
Black dial, luminous in ivory case, 27/6. Also two-tone dial, luminous 27/6 and non luminous 22/6.

AUTOMATIC RESET. You wind alarm at night and up comes the knob . . . automatically. In the morning when the alarm rings just press the knob to stop.

TESTED AT EVERY STAGE OF PRODUCTION . . . Solid steel pinions . . . rust-defying phosphor bronze hairsprings . . . special oil developed after years of research . . . all ensure lasting efficiency.

FULLY GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR . . .

BUILT BY BRITISH CRAFTSMEN . . . backed by a great firm—SMITHS, the world's largest manufacturers of Clocks, Watches and Precision Instruments.

FROM ALL LEADING JEWELLERS AT PRICES FROM 19/-
also ask to see SMITHS 'SECTRIC' Alarms, which need NO WINDING OR REGULATING.

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., SECTRIC HOUSE, LONDON, N.W.2
The Clock & Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.

* cases for
KEYSTONE

"I as a nurse cannot speak too highly of Keystone's great value"

Having taken Keystone herself, a nurse was good enough to write the above to the suppliers. What more appetising way to do yourself real good than to take Keystone Burgundy with meals? Keystone—robust red wine, is a wholesome addition to your diet—it is good for your appetite, and makes every meal a banquet! Here are some real-life Keystone cases.

A head waiter not only enjoyed Keystone himself, but recommended it to clients of his hotel as a good sound wine.

A hat designer worn out from long hours and strain of the "rush season" found Keystone a great restorative and very enjoyable!

A housewife took Keystone as a pick-me-up on the advice of a hospital nurse and found it excellent.

11/6 a flagon
5/9 a half flagon
6d. deposit, returnable, on both sizes.

KEYSTONE
AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY

(24)

Bottled and guaranteed by Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., London, E.3

- PILFER PROOF
- DUST PROOF
- SPEEDY
- PERMANENT
- INEXPENSIVE
- SHOCK PROOF

Get it from your Stationer

120 FEET for 1/-
The Butterfly People

Issued by
SAMUEL JONES & CO. LTD.
CAMBERWELL, LONDON, S.E.5.

RUB IN ELLIMAN'S

RUB OUT PAIN!

Nobody knows better than the housewife the wearying effects of Rheumatic Pains, and Stiff, Sore Muscles. Nobody appreciates more than the housewife the grateful ease and comfort brought by gentle rubbing with **ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION.**

Rub it into the painful part, feel its tingling, warming effect penetrate deep down to soothe away the pain of

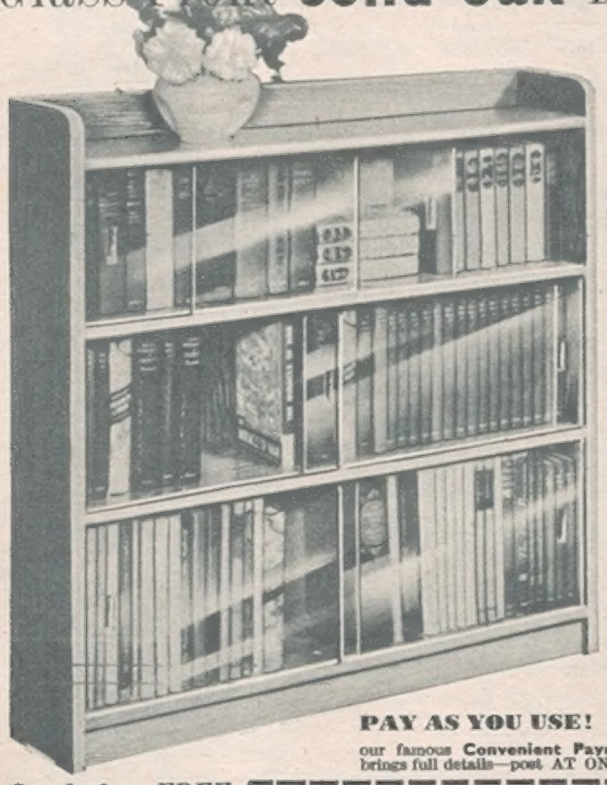
RHEUMATISM, STIFFNESS, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, CRAMP, FIBROSITIS

ELLIMAN'S is ever your friend in need. Get a bottle today!

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION
1/10, 2/9 & 5/4 *(Family Size)*

Try Elliman's in the Bath!
When you feel "aching all over" at the end of a day try a tablespoonful or two of ELLIMAN'S in a warm bath. It soothes away tiredness, refreshes, revives!

Britain's Best Value in **Guaranteed** Glass-Front **Solid Oak** BOOKCASES



***For as little as* 18/6 DOWN**

Handsomely styled to blend with your furnishing scheme, these cases are really SOLID, made from selected oak with laminated back, with sliding glass doors, built for lifetime service. Have already delighted thousands. Every one covered by our Full Satisfaction Guarantee.

FOUR STYLES

OPEN TOP MODELS

AG Three shelves and open top shelf, 36 in. x 36 in. *(As illustrated.)*
Cash Price £8 . 16 . 3

BG Two shelves and open top shelf, 30 in. x 30 in.
Cash Price £5 . 12 . 6

FLUSH TOP MODELS

AGF Three shelves, 36 in. x 33½ in.
Cash Price £8 . 13 . 9

BGF Two shelves, 30 in. x 24 in.
Cash Price £5 . 9 . 0

PAY AS YOU USE! You may, if you wish, **pay as you use** by means of our famous **Convenient Payment Plan**—the form below brings full details—post AT ONCE!

Send for FREE Illustrated Details!

To receive full particulars of all models, and details of our **Convenient Payment Plan**, complete form and post in 1½d. stamped, unsealed envelope to Bookcase Dept. J.Z.3, The People's Home Library, 5 Dryden Street, London, W.C.2. Offer applies U.K. only, closes Nov. 27.

To: Bookcase Dept. J.Z.3, People's Home Library, 5 Dryden Street, London, W.C.2.

WITHOUT OBLIGATION send Illustrated Brochure describing your range of GLASS-FRONTED BOOKCASES, and details of your Convenient Payment Plan.

BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

Full Postal ADDRESS .....

J.Z.3/13.11.54 .....

OH, JOHNNY! — *by TIM*

glare died away, went on walking towards the German lines with heavy hearts.

After a night of walking, we hit the coast, and in the dark stumbled on a track which wound along the cliff face towards the east. Blindly we followed it and just after dawn stumbled on a tank sergeant.

He was lying naked among the rocks about five miles from Tobruk. We were escaping, he was bathing—and singing in his bath. He wore a beard and a tank beret, and his long, brown body, about six and a half feet of it, lolled in the Mediterranean waters as they lapped over the rocks into his hip-bath.

Our feet were tired and we sat beside him without a word and bathed them. He whistled "La Paloma" slightly off key. "Shouldn't go on any farther, chum," he said. "Jerry's pretty active on that ridge." He pointed with a long, wet arm.

"We're Surrounded"

He turned over to "do" his back and splashed with his feet. "No chance of getting through at night, either," he continued. "I tried it last night. But Jerry opened up with machine guns. They know we're here, just waiting for us to run out of food. We're completely surrounded."

He began to whistle again while Cotton and I surveyed the ridge before us. A large mountainous rock which had to be climbed if we were to go any farther towards our own lines. Not a chance of getting through if the Germans were really there.

"What outfit were you?" the bathing sergeant asked.

"I'm a war correspondent," I replied.

"I'm King Farouk!" he said. "There's never been a war correspondent near the front, let alone beyond it." He grinned and invited us to share the bath.

It was amazing how our spirits improved. There seemed nothing strange in lying naked within sight of the enemy; anything seemed normal beside this astonishing sergeant. Shortly two more tank men turned up. They were carrying coils of telephone wire, and referred to the sergeant as "Boss." Boss stood up and inspected the wire. He pulled it, twisted it, stretched it. "That'll do. The Skylark sails tonight, and there are two vacant seats to Alexandria. Would you two like to come?" he asked.

We accepted quickly. The chance of a boat to Alexandria or anything to get out of walking across the desert was too good to miss. I wondered where the vessel was moored, and how many sails it had, and a million other questions, but I was prepared to go, even if it was a row-boat.

As I sat ruminating his voice called me to action. "Come on. We've got to build the Skylark."

"Build it?"

"Sure. A raft won't build itself."

We followed him back along the coast to a small cove that we must have passed in darkness. Here he gathered five huge spars of timber, and we set to work lashing them together with the telephone wire. As we worked I tried to remember how far we were from Alexandria. I was certain it was more than two hundred miles away.

I took another turn round the spars, hoping they would hold, but feeling deep, deep down that there wasn't a chance. Boss worked at everything. He was the brains and the driving power. He showed us how to cut lengths of wood into paddles and, by dark, we were ready for the trip to Alexandria.

We clambered aboard, all sitting along the centre spar, grasping our paddles, determined to paddle to safety. We pushed forward and the first wave hit us and threw the lot of us back on to the beach—upside down.

"We'll have to swim!" shouted the Boss. "Anybody who can't swim can sit on the centre spar."

Off we went again, clad in only our shirts, and swimming well. The raft felt secure for a while, but gradually began to work loose. Luckily, the water was warm to start with, although as the night went on so the temperature seemed to drop. When we hit the rocks, the raft broke up and we lost our boots which had been wrapped in a groundsheet. The sharp rock edges tore our feet. We were wet, tired, full of sea-water and discouraged.

"We'll stay the night here," said the Boss, pointing to the rocks, as though selecting a four-star hotel.

Began Long March

We scouted around and found a cave. We slept long and deep, although we were still wearing our wet shirts and nothing else. I awoke feeling stiff and sore, and looked around.

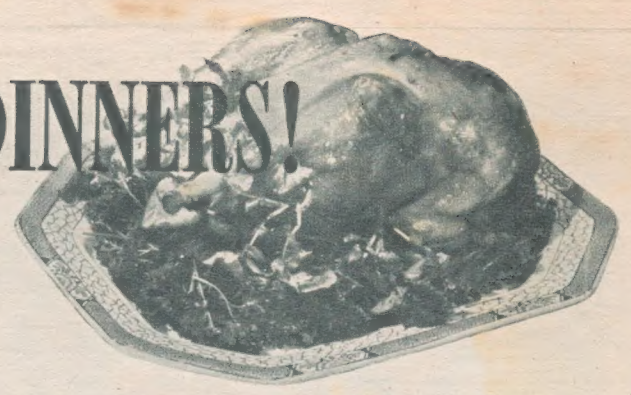
"Wakey wakey!" shouted the Boss. "Line up for the desert trip. Join the caravan to Siwa Oasis. Two hundred miles of golden desert, completely free of charge. Roll up, roll up!"

We formed up in single file, no trousers, no boots, and set off across the desert. Ten minutes later twelve Italians pounced from out of nowhere and we were prisoners of war.

Next day we were marched into the prisoner-of-war cage in Tobruk harbour. A German newsreel cameraman took a shot of us walking through the wire. I stopped to look at his camera, when a kick sent me spinning into the first of many prison camps. It was to be a long while before I took another newsreel picture.

NEXT WEEK: I escape to France and fight with the Maquis

LAST WEEKS of CHRISTMAS DINNERS!



Hurry for prizes value over

£1,000

£500 FIRST PRIZE PLUS XMAS TURKEY and £75 TV

£25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2.10s. — ALL PLUS TURKEY and PLUM PUDDING

50 Surrey FOWLS, 100 XMAS CAKES,
1,500 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES
LUXURY XMAS CHESTS—see details on coupon

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated December 11, and in JOHN BULL dated December 18), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, December 4, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,963 result.)

HOW TO WIN—ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,963, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Britain's Team
Coming In 1955
For The Old
Prosperity's Dawning, But
Finger On The Trigger
Life's Wine
What Marriage Does
Nice Young Man
Something To Marvel At
Smoke And Grime
An Honour
Through TV's Window
A Lot Of Good
Imp Of Mischief
At The Christmas Bazaar
Fading Away
Top Boy
Festooned With Cobwebs
Sizzling
Took A Back Seat

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

A.....For Christmas
Made Her Look.....
Counting The.....
If.....Allows
With A Built-in.....
Can't Afford To.....

EXAMPLE	6d.
BULLET	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	

LUXURY CHESTS FOR CHRISTMAS

Overflowing with Christmas Extras—Cake, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Biscuits, Crystallized Fruit, Cream, Crackers, etc., etc.—one to each of 20 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value... . No..... .....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

1,963
Closing Postmark
MON., NOV. 22

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for *"Bulletin"*

TO HELP YOU WIN Don't miss your entertaining *"Bullets" Bulletin*. Stick 2½d. stamp on right to receive copy on Saturday, December 4 **776**

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" No. 1,958

FIRST PRIZE: £500 plus TV and Turkey: G. D. Luff, Flat 2, 170 Gloucester Place, London, N.W.1.

Like A Galley-slave—Monday—A Gondolier, Friday!

£25: W. G. Prior, 57 Windham Avenue, New Addington, Croydon: THE KINDNESSES WE DO — HAVE "SNOWBALL" EFFECT, *Warming*!

£10: G. Craig, 23½ Skene Square, Aberdeen: THE PRIZES OF LIFE—RING *And* "STRING" BRING.

OTHER AWARDS. £9: T. E. Cowell, 8 Peveril Terrace, Peel, Isle of Man: THE PRIZES OF LIFE — MISSED, DREADING "WOODEN SPOONS." £8: F. Garland, 176 Clayhall Avenue, Ilford, Essex: THE HURRYING YEARS—SQUANDERED, "BANKING" ON TOMORROWS! £7: W. H. Johnson, 6 Sunrise Avenue, Basford, Nottingham: EARTHQUAKES, HURRICANES — LEAVE RED CROSS *Unshaken*. £6: A Dick, 65 Grange Street, Burton-on-Trent: ON THE SCHOOL BUS—OR RUNAWAY "JUGGERNAUT," MAN? £5: H. W. Collip, 17A Quarry Hill, Tonbridge: CLEANLINESS IN THE CANTEEN—OVERDONE—CAN *Taste* SOAP! £5: J. E. Dempsey, 20 Johnson Street, Wicker, Sheffield: THE TV AUDIENCE—"GLUED"—WILL THEY *Stick*? £5: Mrs. J. Fisher, 62 James Street, Scarborough: THE CHORES WE DO—TO KEEP "SLATE" CLEAN!

(Each winner from £25 to £5 receives also a Christmas Turkey and Pudding.)

For 10 winners of £2 10s. plus Turkey and Pudding see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. Winners of 50 Surrey Fowls and 100 Christmas Cakes have been notified. 1,500 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

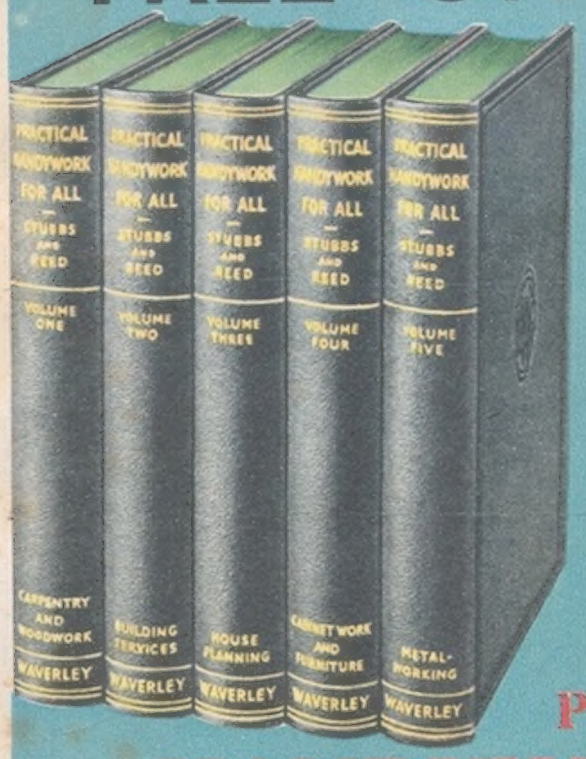
Kindergarten Crisis

Children, do pay attention...
Why can't we play?
I hate Miss Green!
Oh, dear, this won't do! I must have a word with Miss Green
Really, Miss Green, the noise in your class was disgraceful! What's come over you? It's not like you!
I-I don't know, ma'am. I can't keep order any more. I'm always so tired! Perhaps - I'd better see a doctor
AT THE DOCTOR'S
... and however much sleep I get, it doesn't seem to do me any good!
Well, Miss Green, there's nothing organically wrong with you. From what you tell me, I'd say you weren't getting the right kind of sleep. For sleep to do you good, it must be fully relaxed. Even your nerves and brain must rest completely. Try a hot cup of Horlicks every night before bed
SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT UNTIL...
...it's a rather ambitious scheme, Miss Green. But if you feel you can tackle it— go ahead!
Oh, Miss Green, can you help me fix this?
Is this all right, Miss Green?
I've nearly finished my bit!
AT PARENTS' DAY
What a wonderful piece of work! Did the children really build this?
Yes, Miss Green certainly gets the best out of the children!
No more tiredness now thanks to Horlicks

HORLICKS

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorised cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Have you seen this ? . . . FREE OFFER !



PRACTICAL HANDYWORK FOR ALL

General Editors: S. G. BLAXLAND STUBBS, O.B.E., *and* J. ST. DENYS REED.

WITH these five volumes on your bookshelf you have at your disposal ALL the information you require to undertake the many odd jobs needed in your Home, and to actually MAKE furniture and fittings.

Each of the many branches of handywork is explained from start to finish by experts with practical experience. SEE FOR YOURSELF how easy the instructions are to follow.

3,000 Photos and Diagrams, 76 Folding, Colour & Other Plates, 2,300 Pages

Some of the Contents: Tools . Carpentry and Joining . Materials . Bricklaying . Concreting . Tiling and Slating . Interior Decorating and Maintenance . Glazing . Pipework . Gas and Electricity Installations . Heating . Lighting . Water Services . Drainage . Mortgage . Legal Notes . Woodworking . Bookcases . Cabinets . Nursery Furniture . Bedroom and Dining-room Suites . Models . Carving . Wood Turning . Timbers . Motorising the Workshop . Grinding . Clock Cleaning . Metal and Plastic Turning . Index

POST TODAY

FREE EXAMINATION FORM

To THE WAVERLEY BOOK CO., LTD.
(Dept. J.B.26), 96 and 97, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me, carriage paid, for seven days' FREE examination, "PRACTICAL HANDYWORK FOR ALL," complete in five volumes. It is understood that I may return the work within eight days with no further obligation. If I keep it I will send you a first payment of 10/6 eight days after delivery, and twelve monthly payments of 10/6, thus completing the purchase price of £6.16.6.

OR CASH PRICE WITHIN EIGHT DAYS, £6.10.0.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

..... Occupation.....

State if Householder..... Signature..... Date.....
(Parent's if under 21.)

J.B.26 Please fill in all particulars asked.

WE INVITE YOU to examine these Works on approval for 7 days with no obligation to purchase.

The Waverley Way

EITHER WORK only 10/6 monthly if purchased on EASY TERMS

PRACTICAL OUTLINE of NATURE in the British Isles

Edited by SIR JOHN HAMMERTON

This wonderful work will fascinate readers of all ages with the story of the plants and creatures to be found in garden, pond, field and seashore. The magnificent collection of pictures by famous photographers of wild life enables every child to identify thousands of living things great and small.

Over 3,000 Magnificent Photographs, 17 Colour Plates, 136 Pages in Beautiful Photogravure

A carefully classified index enables any subject to be looked up with ease, and the work includes interesting articles on the weather, rocks and soil, cultivation, microscopy, biographies of eminent naturalists, and practical information on the art of observing, collecting and recording.

AN immense fund of information, lavishly illustrated with over three thousand of the most superb photographs ever obtained of the plant life, wild animals, birds, insects and fishes, of our islands.

FREE EXAMINATION FORM

To THE WAVERLEY BOOK CO., LTD.
(Dept. J.B.27), 96-97 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me carriage paid, for seven days' FREE examination "OUTLINE OF NATURE" complete in three volumes. It is understood that I may return the work within eight days with no further obligation. If I keep it I will send you a first payment of 10/6 eight days after delivery and eleven monthly payments of 10/6, thus completing the purchase price of £6.6.0.

CASH PRICE WITHIN EIGHT DAYS IS £6

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

..... Occupation.....

State if Householder..... Signature..... Date.....
(Parent's if under 21.)

J.B.27 Please fill in all particulars asked

FREE OFFER